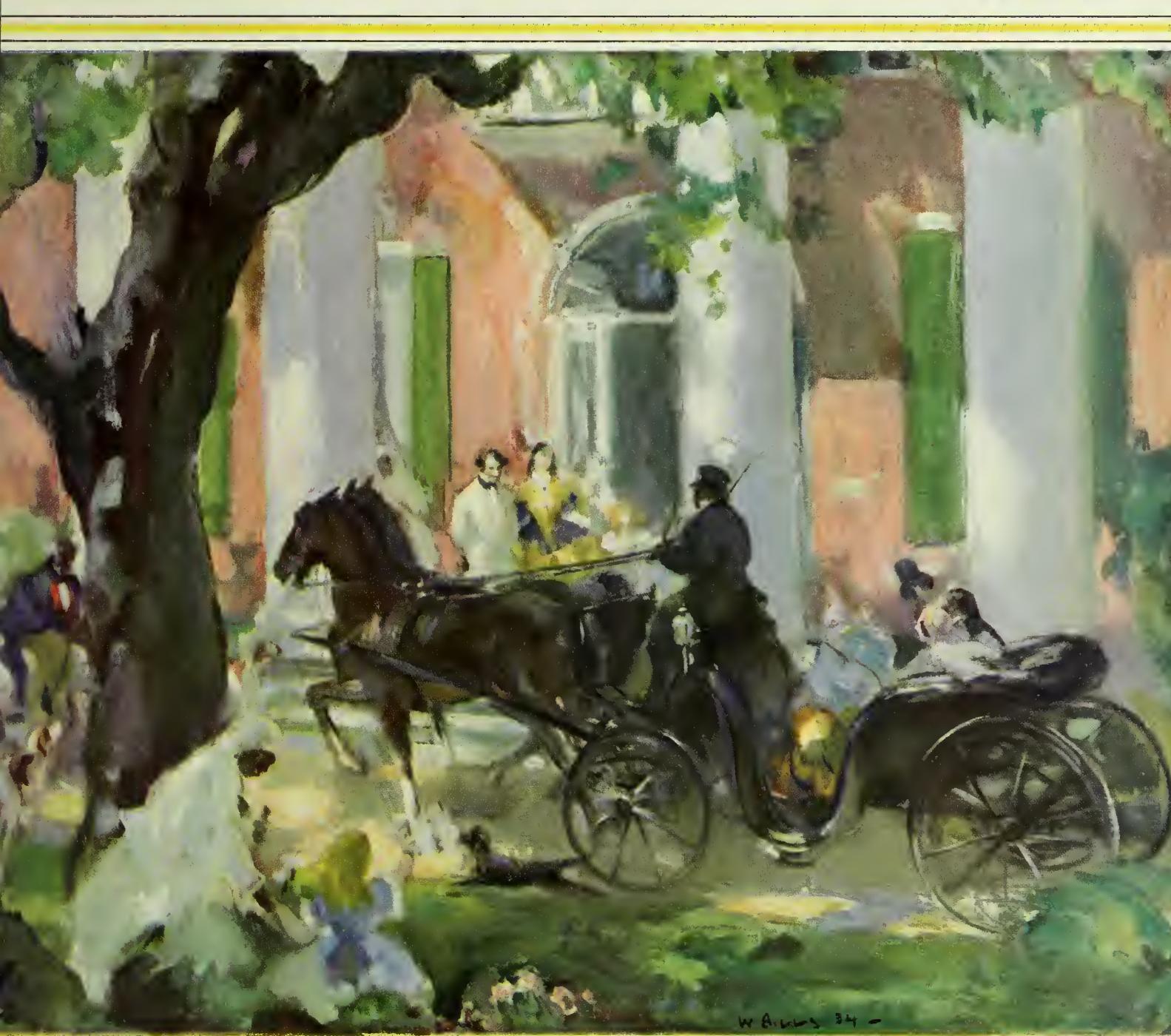




'The American LEGION

MOSES RILEY

APRIL 1917



W. A. W. '34 -

IRVING BACHELLER · RUPERT HUGHES
MARQUIS JAMES · LEONARD H. NASON
— THE NATIONAL COMMANDER —

————— ★ ————— ★ ————— ★ —————

Regards

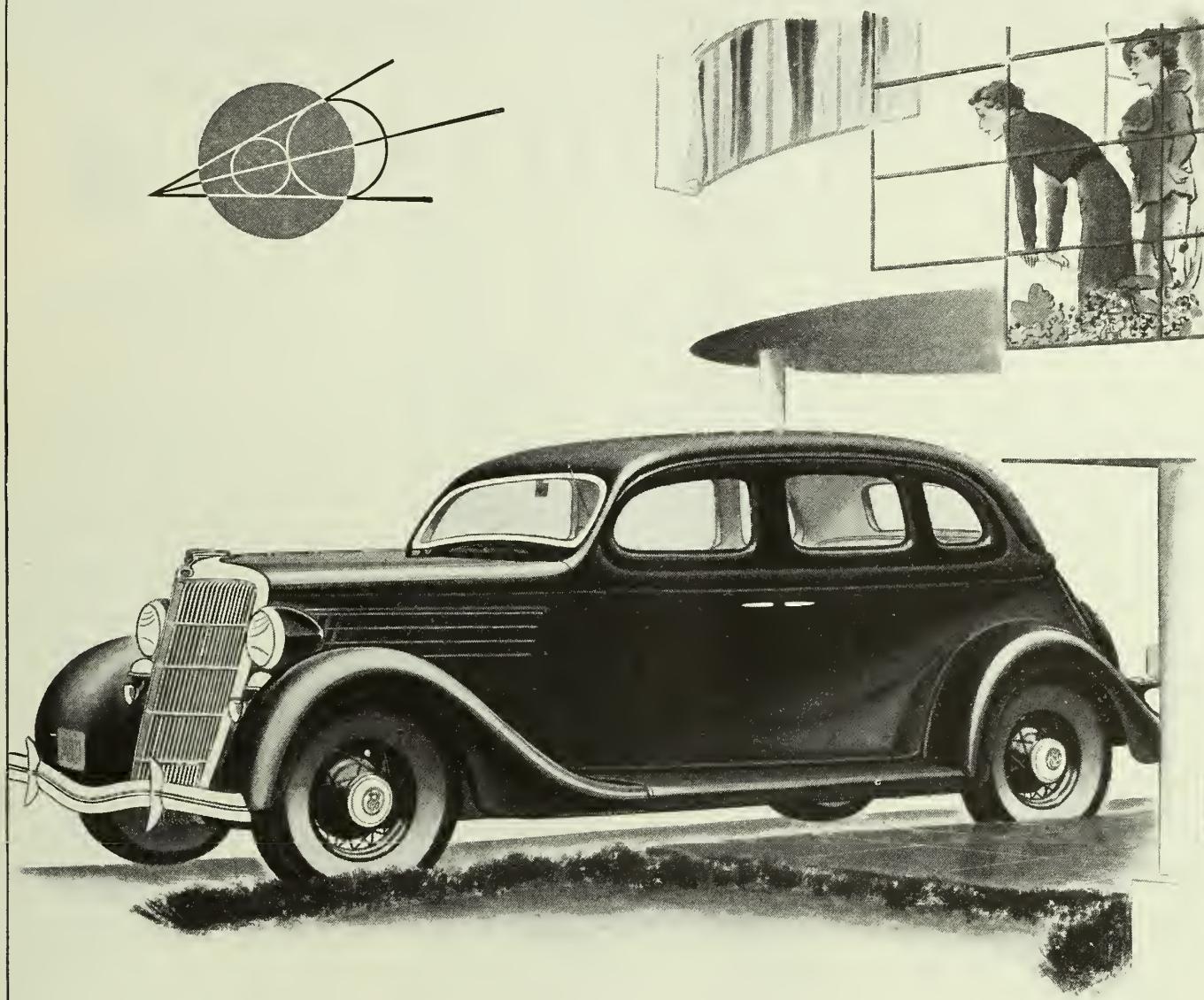
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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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THE IMMORTAL THREE

HANDSOME DAN

IT'S EVERYBODY'S JOB

MEMORIES OF M. I. D.: *Part Two*

THE LEGION WAY IS THE AMERICAN WAY

THE BAD NEWS

1935: THE LEGION'S GREATEST YEAR

BEWARE THE SMOKE SCREEN!

BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

AMERICANISM IS THE SOUL OF AMERICA

BRINGING BACK THE WILD

LINCOLN—PATRON OF MILITARY AVIATION

IT'S IN THE CARDS

BACK IN '18—18 ABOVE

BURSTS AND DUDS

RIDE 'EM, DOUGHBOY

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

THE AMERICAN LEGION'S ESTIMATED BUDGET FOR 1935

NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

From Wood Blocks by Howard McCormack

Illustrations by Kenneth Fuller Camp

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by Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., National Commander

Cartoon by John Cassel

Illustrations by Will Graven

Drawing by Ralph Boyer

*by Walter Biggs
by Irving Bacheller*

by Leonard H. Nason

by Marquis James

by Rupert Hughes

3

10

12

16

by Ray S. Carney

by Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant

by Dan Edwards

by Charles L. Woolley

18

20

22

24

by J. Ray Murphy

by Donald Stillman

by Horace Sawyer Mazet

by Philip Von Blon

by Wallgren

Conducted by Dan Sowers

by John J. Noll

26

28

30

34

38

39

40

43

64

72

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The IMMORTAL THREE

BY
IRVING
BACHELLER

THREE are only three members in my little ghost club of immortals. It is a most exclusive club. More than a thousand illustrious ghosts of statesmen and heroes have applied for admission. They have been politely turned away because a certain rare, divine right is required for membership. Candidates must be recommended by God and humanity. I call it The Common Sense Club because its members are the great apostles of Common Sense—a new son of heaven, conceived in England and born in America, where it became an irresistible power raising up the poor from the dust and shaking all the kingdoms.

Therefore, the birthdays of these three that stand close together, between January 17 and February 22, shine with a peculiar light. The full significance of this light should be signalized in plain words for the average citizen.

The members of my little club are Washington, Franklin and Lincoln. They are essentially as like each other as flowers from the same root. This in spite of the fact that Washington was an aristocrat, while the other two were commoners. Unlike Mirabeau, Fox, Pitt and Gladstone, they had no use for radiant architecture in a speech. The oracular face and the attitude of aiming at remote ages were not for them. They were all familiar with the sound of the crowing cock and the odor of frying sausage and probably of buckwheat cakes before dawn and the feel of weary legs before sunset. Their wisdom and their knowledge came not from the schools but from association with human beings or in the light of the window and the tallow dips, or in hard, earthy experience.

These Americans had two incomparable articles of intellectual furniture—common sense and patience. Since the olden time no men had won immortal distinction with an outfit so simple and commanding. According to Dr. Holmes there were one story, two story and three story men. The first knew only facts. The second knew facts and were able from them to perceive laws. The third



Decorations

by

Howard McCormack

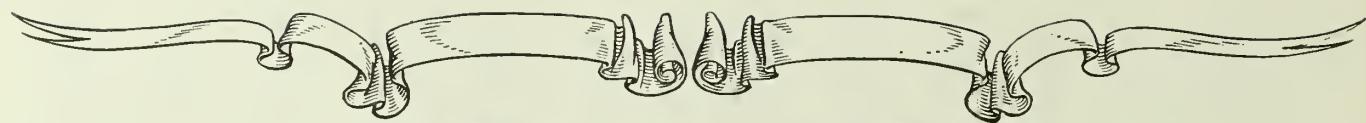
knew facts and laws and in them were able to discover universal truths. Through their skylights they saw something above fact, law and truth. The members of my ghost club were three story men. Each had certain individual traits that helped his work—Washington an engaging personality, the other two differing and captivating types of humor. But their dominating quality of spirit was alike.

The world had been ruled by Uncommon Sense. Lowell has rightly said: "It was the drums of Naseby and Dunbar that gathered the Minute Men on Lexington Common."

Until a Common Sense of right began to assert itself in a lot of common people of the same mind in England regarding the tyranny of the church and the state, that kind of thing was almost an unknown quantity. These plain men and women had learned to read and to think and enough of them were of a common opinion to make a troublesome party. Some of them set out to cross the great deep in a little ship. The foundation of New England was a common sense of human rights. A common sense of need was applied to their defense and sustenance. This big thing developed in the General Court, the town meeting and the school. Men got the habit of thinking for the common good. The spirit of the time whispered in every ear. There were certain very wise men among them and their wisdom became almost a common possession. Not too much should be expected of these people. They had a heritage of ancient Judaic fetters and superstition, finally cast aside. Their common sense was not always exemplary. It

was often too severe, but it grew in depth and mercy and charity and understanding. Out of the soil thus seeded came a crop of men new to the world. These men had the faith and aspirations of the crowd out of which they came.

The child was born. Common sense had become a thing to be reckoned with. What a school it was! In it our most distinguished men from Washington to Mark Twain got about all the learning



they had. They were their own teachers, their own professors. Now Thomas A. Edison was one of them. When we compare him with the college-made physicist we discover an interesting difference.

I once asked him to explain the meaning of voltage, amperage and watts. "Well, this will give you a notion of it," he said. "If you drive warm water from a hose into a snow bank the squirt of the stream will be the voltage, the size of the stream, the amperage, and the hole in the snow, the watts."

How plain and unforgettable is this! Yet Edison dealt with a power as mysterious as the cosmic ray. He used the American method.

Imagine the inscrutable college slang with which Mr. Einstein would have bewildered the hearer.

Virginia, founded in a common love of adventure, grew under conditions of hardship and difficulty like those in New England. Remote from foreign influence a similar type of man developed there eventually in sympathy with New England. Common sense had also become the main reliance of those segregated people. New England and Virginia were at length as alike in spirit as Washington and Franklin, and the heart in them was the heart of all America. They voiced the common sense. The people understood them and were willing to follow them even with bloody feet.

Franklin reflected the quality of the environment when he said to the British: "Guard Mr. Fox against any mistaken notion. We have a people more enlightened in respect to their political rights than any under God's heaven."

The British could not believe it. The claim was preposterous. Lord Howe offered a bribe, and again Franklin said: "If any suppose that I could prevail upon my countrymen to take black for white or wrong for right, they do not know them or me. They are incapable of being imposed upon and I am incapable of imposing on them."

Franklin knew that his constituents were the only people in the world with a highly developed common sense of right and wrong. The intellectual pot had been stewing for a hundred and fifty years and here at last an incredible thing had come to pass—three million toilers who were thinking people and whose only king was the King of Heaven. Of such people was our Constitution born.

All of Washington's speeches simply voice and deepen and develop the common faiths. In his conversation are sayings that signalize the common spirit like: "If you cannot do what you want do what you can," and he leads that spirit in saying: "When your enemy talks of peace prepare for war."

Mr. Gladstone called Washington the purest figure in history



because he was a true servant of the will of his people. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were an expression of the great common sense of the common folk of America interpreted by their able leaders.

It is the sublime patience of these men that has excited the admiration of the world and I think that far remote readers of history will wonder at it. Theirs, after all, was the common patience. The life of the colonies from the beginning had been a school for patience. It was full of hardship and lonely waiting for the slowly growing harvests, for the return of the fisherman and the ox-drawn traveler, for the return of spring after the long, severe winters. A journey on the roads was a punishment. Often from three to five days were needed to go to the mill and the market. It was a slow-moving world. What an amount of patience one needed to live through a severe illness with remote and incapable physicians, to endure surgery without anaesthetics! It took a deal of patience to break down and burn the forests and prepare the land for planting. The pioneers could not have lived without patience. Slowly as the generations passed it got into their blood and bone.

Is it not the one great virtue that we lack today? With wealth and the telephone and motor cars and concrete highways and airplanes, we have little need of it. We must have what we want and we must have it quickly. Many of us have small patience even with a wife or a husband or a child.

We think the depression an outrage. We writhe and shriek and even jump out of high windows. Many would rather die than put up with poverty. The President has organized a divorce court of unparalleled proportions to get rid of it but so far we seem to be thoroughly married to this undesirable mate. To many of us it looks like a life partner.

Franklin said certain things that apply to our situation and this is one of them: "Don't make the poor easy in poverty but drive them out of it. The streets of Lubberland are paved with penny rolls and the houses tiled with pancakes. What occasions much want and misery is the employment of men and women in works that produce neither the necessities nor the conveniences of life."

It is undoubtedly true that Franklin saw much harder times than we have ever known.

He said a characteristic thing that leads to another stage of our theme. It was this:

"In America we honor labor. Man, horse, ox and ass work. Only the hog lives like a gentleman."

What a change since then, due, it would appear, to the coming of wealth and of other new things more disturbing! European



thought and a host of its mental and moral acrobats have been pouring in upon us. Many of our young go to Europe to finish their education. All this began in 1880 when the tide of immigration was started by the persecution in Russia. In the next four years 1,928,167 European immigrants arrived in the port of New York. Those arriving at other ports would no doubt have greatly increased the number. Our common sense has been diluted until it has become like watered milk. Tory and Court party atheism, the philosophy of Karl Marx and of the extreme Russian radicals got their foothold in America. Anarchism began to show its red eyes and murderous passion in the Haymarket riot in Chicago. Labor began its long quarrel with capital. The foreign philosophers taught the host of newcomers — Asiatics, Italians, Slavs, Greeks — that capital and labor are natural enemies. Our old common sense had regarded capital as a byproduct of labor, thrift, industry and ability. The two belonged to the same family. They were blood brothers. Had not Jim Hill, John D. Rockefeller, Tom Edison, E. H. Harriman and Andrew Carnegie struggled on through heavy toil to pre-eminent positions? We seem to be likely to lose common patience and tolerance and understanding of each other.

Again we quote the Common Sense of Washington:

"No free country is ever overcome until the manners of its people are corrupted."

Franklin was the spokesman for more than a hundred years of the life of the great New England commonality. He knew its adventures and traditions, its homely phrasing full of the blood warmth of strong men. Its wisdom, painfully gathered in that big field of time, was not only in his blood, it was in the talk of all the old men and women of his neighborhood. These were people who had been obliged to make their own fun or go without any. They had had no theaters. But some were not without the eye to see and the heart to enjoy excellent comedy in the life around them — odd characters, comic incidents, droll sayings. Some of the most eccentric people had been coming down out of the lonely hills to market. They had their own way of talking and dressing and some imagination. The old saying "I trusted to Providence till the britchin' broke" undoubtedly goes back to pre-Franklin days. The great man's character, wisdom and humor came naturally out of this background. He was one of seventeen children and his father played the fiddle, always sure of an audience.

It was a like background, whose sacred atmosphere had been considerably modified, that gave us the more riant humor of Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln. Jim Smiley



in the leaping frog story might easily have had his counterpart in colonial New England.

Lincoln was also an inheritor of the old-time common sense of right and wrong, and no humorist had a keener eye for the ridiculous. He had a talent for making it serve him as remarkable as that of Franklin. In his legal pioneering in the new West he won many a case with a story so apt and convincing that the controversy ended in good natured laughter. But Lincoln stands alone as the great, divine voice of Common Sense in the later world. His humble beginning, his understanding, his humility, his kindness, his mercy, have made him perhaps the most exalted figure in a thousand years. When we read the last paragraph in the Second Inaugural and the speech at Gettysburg, we bow our heads and we see again the light ineffable. Do we not feel the same mighty rhythm in the greatest of all teachers speaking to the common people with the same plainness and simplicity, the same kind of common sense, love, helpfulness, forgiveness and mercy! Were they not also His themes?

In explaining his great epic poem, Milton wrote: "The Eternal Spirit can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He will."

This is old stuff yet it is hard to account for Lincoln on any theory less exacting, to say nothing of the tremendous rhythms in "Paradise Lost."

Look at this curious uncouth figure who, when he was on Salem Hill, wore one suspender, and his trousers did not reach to the tops of his shoes, and take heart. He fell in with an irresponsible but learned man living there. This man had books and the love of poetry and an unusual familiarity with the best writers. Undoubtedly Jack Kelso introduced Abe, as he was called, to the world of the imagination. It is known that he had read the life of Washington and that he

now began to read Burns. It is probable that he also read the plays of Shakespeare, some of the novels of Scott and the Pilgrim's Progress. Up to the time when in his early twenties he rescued a volume of Blackstone from a barrel of waste and began to study law, I do not believe that he had read more than half a dozen books but they were good books. He got their spirit and their rhythm in his soul. It may be, it just may be, that these days we read too many books and some that do not build us up but rather tend to break us down. Yet a million other men had done as Lincoln did in his youth.

Now Abe was not then a religious person. My own impression is that his talk would not always have been fit for delicate ears, but somehow he had got an inviolable (Continued on page 60)

HANDSOME

AMONG the many resemblances that Boston, Massachusetts, has to London, England, is a predilection for fog, thick and woolly, that descends like a curtain, destroys vision, and renders all mysterious and unknown. Upon such a night, when the wise Bostonian gives up his theater party and decides to stay at home, and so be sure of knowing where he is, come bed time, a young man in a slicker that looked like a relief map of the eastern watershed, so crisscrossed was it with little streams of running moisture, fumbled his way along the Embankment, guiding himself partly by the railing, and partly by the struggling gleams from the arc lights. He arrived finally before one of the hospitals that line the lower bank of the Charles River. He drew out a note book, and by the aid of a street light, consulted an address therein.

"This is the place!" he told himself. He looked about him.

"Boy," he muttered, "I don't like fog! I always run into hard luck. Gee! That night at Apremont was just such a night as this!" He whistled to drive the recollection from his mind.

He had had, during the war, a company commander that was about the meanest specimen of humanity he had ever met. The captain had gone around, on that foggy night so long ago, digging everyone out of their fox holes to form a ring of cossack posts, so that the Germans could not "jump" his company. Excellent, except that the company was in support, and the nearest German some two miles away. The young man in question, having been shoved into the woods somewhere, had just extended himself in an attitude of vigilance when a tank had clattered by, so close that it ran over a corner of the shelter half he had spread to keep himself out of the mud.

"That six feet of ordure!" growled the young man, referring to his former captain. "I'd like to meet him again!"

He closed his book and entered the hospital.

"My name is Buchanan Grey," said the young man to the nurse at the information desk. "I am an investigator from the Eagle Liability Insurance Company. To see John Squires."

"Oh, yes," said the nurse, "the Hobomoc Paper Company case that they flew down by airplane? The night superintendent would like to talk to you about it. Second door on the right."



Buchanan looked down at the face on the pillow. combed, but he

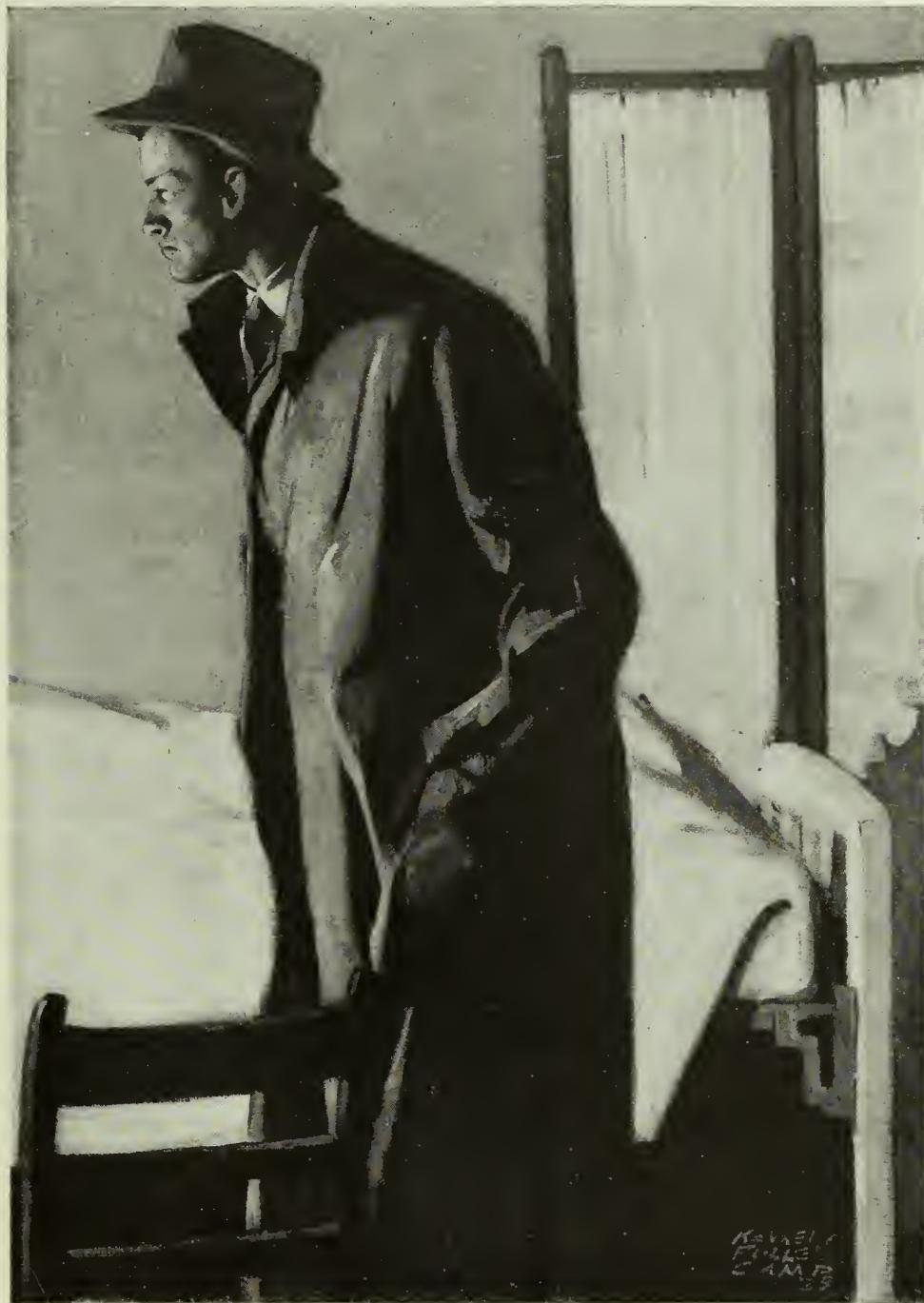
"Has he croaked already?" demanded Buchanan Grey in some alarm.

"The night superintendent will give you all information!" replied the nurse coldly.

Buchanan went down the hall. It augured ill that the night superintendent desired to see him. Perhaps she wished him to guarantee the hospital expenses, a thing he had no authority to do. Perhaps she wished him to accept liability before he was allowed to see the patient. Perhaps, after all, she was going to deny him access entirely, most serious of all.

DAN

By Leonard
H. Nason



The patient had been shaved, his hair had been
was deathly white

"I'm from the insurance company on that accident case from Maine," Buchanan introduced himself, as he entered the night superintendent's office. "Buchanan Grey is the name. I was told you wanted to see me."

The night super looked him over calmly.

"Oh, yes." She was an elderly woman, he could tell at once, hard-eyed, and with a jaw of granite, a sort of female top-kick. "You know, I suppose, that this man, Squires, came down from Maine by airplane after the accident. He couldn't come all the way because of the fog, and the last part of the journey had to be

*Illustrations by
Kenneth F. Camp*

by ambulance. He is very weak, and will probably die. Do you know if he has any relatives?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Buchanan. "I only got the case at five o'clock."

"The Hobomoc's Boston office called New York, where this man was hired, and they were told that his employment papers didn't give any 'next of kin,' and that his last address was some lodging house."

"Well, the chances are that he hasn't got any," said Buchanan with boredom. "If you haven't any objection, I'd like to see him and be on my way! What do you care about his relatives? The Hobomoc people are good for his hospital bill, aren't they?"

"We are trying to find his relatives," replied the hard-jawed night superintendent, "because this man has got to have a blood transfusion to keep him alive." She pierced Buchanan Grey with a lance-like eye. "We have been unable to locate them, and since you represent the company that is interested in the case, I am asking you if you'd object to letting us have a pint."

"Don't you keep liquor in this hospital?" asked Buchanan. "Why, I thought—"

"A pint of blood, I mean."

"Nothing doing! I'm not the right type anyway!"

"Ah, but you are! I remembered you the minute I saw you! You were over at the Carney last year, one of three that gave some blood for that little girl. You can give some to this man Squires."



"Nah, that was different. That girl was the daughter of a lad that belonged to our Legion post, and the whole post volunteered. But from that to keeping some claimant alive is a long ways! Besides I've got no time. I've got to go to Cambridge on another 'Immediate.' And if he hasn't got any relatives, I could get fired for keeping him alive."

"You could? Why?"

"It's an Industrial Case. If he lives, we'll have a big medical expense and a long convalescence. If he dies, we won't have to pay anything. Who would we pay it to, if he hasn't got any dependents?"

"But suppose," said the night superintendent, "that after he's dead, some woman shows up and says she's his widow?"

"That," explained Buchanan, "is where I come in. Because I go up now, and take a little statement from the injured to the effect that he hasn't got any wife!"

"You make a mistake there," grated the night super, "because you can't see him. Doctor's orders."

"I'll have to see him, or we won't pay the bill. Besides, I was sent over here purposely and especially to see this man, Jack Squires."

"The doctor said to let no one see him!" snapped the night super. "He'll be back in an hour. You can come back and argue with him then, but you can't see Squires now. And that's final. The way out is down the hall. I've wasted time enough on you as it is. I've got a building full of sick people to look after!"

"I'll be back in an hour," sighed Buchanan. "And you tell that doctor he'd better let me see that guy, otherwise the cupboard will be bare when he goes there to get his little fee!"

TO THE north of Boston lies the historic city of Cambridge, where Harvard University has its seat. The same river, the Charles, that wreathes Boston, wreathes Cambridge, also, so that city likewise dripped in woolly fog. Buchanan Grey emerged from the subway station in Harvard Square, fluttering his note book. This Cambridge case involved a collision of automobiles, complicated by the flight of whoever was driving the policy holder's car. The car, so Buchanan had been told, had been towed away by the police. The first place to go, then, was to Police Headquarters.

In his concentration upon this new case, and in the fog, Buchanan took the wrong turn, so that instead of going toward Police Headquarters, he found himself on a street that leads to the Harvard dormitories. He had just discovered his mistake, and remarked at the same time a certain effervescence in the obscurity, like that heard by audiences at amateur theatricals, before the curtain rises, when four youths surged out of the fog at him, and commanded him to stand.

"What's your name, Harvard?" demanded the four youths together.

Buchanan observed his questioners. They had the clean-cut, open features of adolescents who have not yet made contact with the disillusioning world. They were well dressed, but had their coats plucked about their chins like conspirators.

"I'm not a Harvard man," said Buchanan. "I'm a claim adjuster."

"Oh!" said the four, with disappointment in

their tones. "But that yellow slicker and the hat would make anyone look like it!"

There was an awkward pause. A tall, reedy youth wearing glasses, who seemed unconvinced, fixed Buchanan with what he thought was a piercing glance.

"Have you seen anything of a dog around here?" asked the reedy youth, coldly and hissing.

"No," said Buchanan, smiling. "Lost yours?"

"They've stolen Handsome Dan!" cried the other three in unison.

"No kiddin'! Who's Handsome Dan?"

"He's our Yale mascot!" answered the full quartette.

"A white bull, you'd know him in a minute if you saw him. Had a blue sweater with 'Y' on it," added another.

"It was after the game," said the third. "There were too many fellows guarding him. Some of them didn't even know each other. Then all of a sudden he was gone! Disappeared!"

"He did not disappear!" said the reedy youth with glasses. "I saw the whole thing. They had an automobile waiting, and these two men got into it with Handsome Dan in a blanket. It was a yellow car. By the time we'd piled into Clissome's flivver, they were half way across the bridge! They swung into Mount Auburn Street and hit another car! They jumped out and ran. If it hadn't been for the fog, we'd have caught them!"

"What makes you so sure they had Handsome Dan with them, then?" demanded one of the quartette. "They may have passed him to another car, or someone else, or not had a dog at all!"

"They had a dog!" insisted the reedy youth with a superior manner, "because the people in the other car said that the men that got out of the yellow roadster and ran away had a dog in their arms, and that he was white, hence they could see him plainly."

"Just a minute," interrupted Buchanan. "This happened on Mount Auburn Street, did it? What time?"

"About half past five."

"What make of car was it?"

"A Melville. Boy, could that car step!"

"Uhuh!" agreed Buchanan. "So you were a witness to this accident, were you? Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Why does that interest you?" asked the reedy youth.

"Because this is the case I came out to investigate. My company insures that yellow Melville."

"Here! What's this? Who's talkin' about a dog?"

Another group of white-shod, slicker-clad youths dashed out of the mist, panting belligerently.

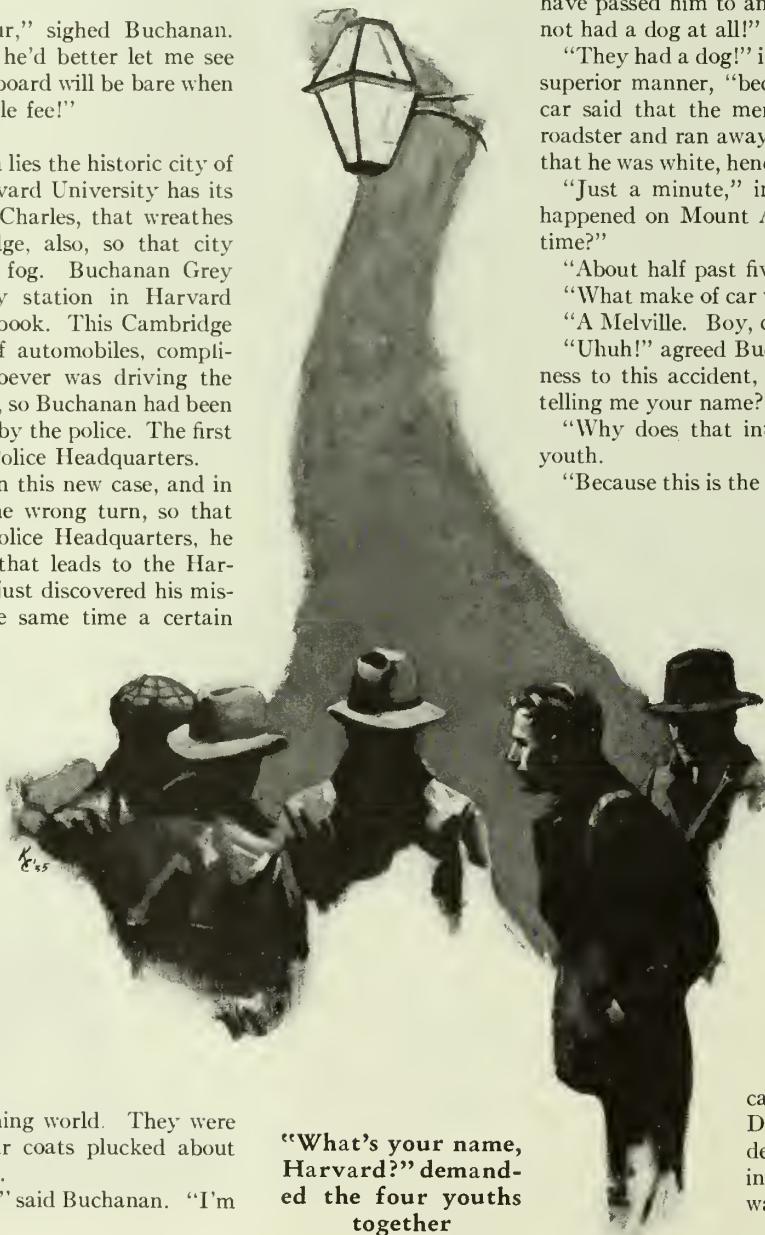
"Who are you?" they demanded. "A clue! A clue! Talkin' about a dog here! Who you men for?"

"For God and Yale!" answered the group about Buchanan quickly.

"For God and Yale!" repeated the newcomers. "What's this about a dog?"

"Tom Seeley here saw the car that they stole Handsome Dan with—there was an accident—this man is an insurance investigator—he knows who was driving the car!"

"No, I don't!" protested Buchanan vigorously. "I'm



"What's your name, Harvard?" demanded the four youths together

on my way to the police station to see what they know about it. The yellow car was towed there!"

"I know who it belongs to!" said one of the newcomers. "We called up the Motor Vehicle Bureau. It belongs to a man in Shelburne Falls. Stolen car, of course."

"Let's all go to the police station and see what they know!" suggested the ready man.

"We're off! Let's go!" shouted the others.

Buchanan, however, had no desire for so many assistants. For him, the burning question of the hour was the extent of personal injury arising from the accident to the occupants of the car that had collided with the yellow roadster. The police would know this. But Buchanan had no desire to arrive at the station surrounded by volunteer cohorts. Nor, in the event that a patrol of Harvard supporters was encountered, did he desire to participate in any riot, and perhaps reach the police station under other circumstances than those he intended. It was a break for him that he had run into this witness, but after all, Seeley had not seen the actual collision, and his testimony was valueless.

There was a sudden hoarse challenge from the fog.

"Here! Who are you men? Where are you going?"

"For God and Yale!" replied those grouped about Buchanan.

"Dog stealers!" roared the answer. "Hahhh-vud! Hahhh-vud!"

The word "mucker" was hurled back and forth like a glove, and the battle joined. Buchanan, in a doorway, allowed the tumult and the shouting to pass him by. After all, it was not his affair. He listened to the sounds of strife grow fainter in the fog.

"Handsome Dan!" repeated Buchanan aloud. "I wonder is it this fog, or am I going off my trunnions at last?"

A vision passed before his eyes of a tall, broad-shouldered officer, a big buck of a man, always faultlessly attired, even at the front, a captain not quite as popular with his men as a skunk. Ah! There had been that other foggy night at Brasles, along the Marne, when Buchanan and six other ragged doughboys had halted before a store that bore a sign, "Vins. Liqueurs." There would be no vins or liqueurs in that store, for the Germans had



"Follow me!" she said bitterly. "I'd like to get you in here as a patient some day"

only left a few hours before, after a six weeks' sojourn, but there would be a large and firmly vaulted cellar for the storage of said wines. Fritz, who still occupied the ridge behind the town, would certainly not neglect to furnish music, entertainment, and fireworks for all those in Brasles that night, but those sleeping in that cellar could slumber undisturbed.

"Whad dyuh say, Buck, we go in?" the others had asked.

"Yuh!" replied Buchanan Grey, he being the corporal.

In they went, and down cellar. What a sight! The Germans, ever solicitous of their own comfort, had arranged bunks, each with a mattress stolen from the houses of the town. There were chests of drawers, mirrors from which Buchanan's flashlight reflected brightly, all the comforts of home. Off came the packs, a candle was lighted, and affixed to a helmet, and all was mirth and laughter.

(Continued on page 60)

IT'S *Everybody's* JOB

By Marquis James

OF LATE years the average American has been so pre-occupied with the economic state of the world—at any rate his individual share of it—that portentous changes in the international political situation have gone unnoticed on the whole. He still lives among the placid ideals of the nineteen twenties exemplified by the hopes held for the League of Nations, arms limitation efforts, naval treaties, the altruistic scrapping of battleships and similar gestures calculated to assist the cause of peace on earth.

Europeans have relinquished, in deed or name or both, these unrealized ideals and taken a practical view of the situation as it exists today. They see Japan thumbing her nose at the League of Nations and withdrawing from it to continue her despoliation of China. They see Russia mobilizing in the Far East to meet this threat. They see Germany repudiating obligations right and left, her every effort bent on recreating the old military machine. They see France an armed camp, and likewise Italy, where the most recent move has been to put school teachers in uniform. They see the Balkans as so much nitro-glycerine. To meet the financial outlays imposed by these preparations they see nations defaulting on their debts owed to us and to others. They see level-headed England preparing for the worst. In short they accept the fact that the world is sitting on a bigger and more inflammable powder keg than she knew in the spring of 1914.

During a recent three-months sojourn in Europe this writer found no one, of whatever nationality, who wanted war. Yet I found comparatively few persons who in private conversation did not speak of war as likely. This does not sound logical, and isn't logical; it is merely true. Frenchmen, Englishmen and Germans alike congratulated me on living in a country three thousand miles from the nearest flying field from which a fleet of hostile planes could take off with a load of bombs. I came home grateful for the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. They are our best allies.

These oceans were there in 1914. They kept us out of war for nearly three years, which was not quite long enough. We know now that the World War settled nothing, and should someone ignite the powder keg again America's ruling impulse would be to stay out of the fracas. In 1914 our impulse was to keep out of it and we should have done so except for the continuous provocation offered by Germany, made arrogant by our unpreparedness. Unreadiness never saved a nation from war. In 1917 it got us in one, for had we been ready Germany would have watched her step.

Thanks to salt-water, preparedness in the United States does not mean converting the country into a machine-gun nest, with a roof six feet thick over the White House, school teachers in o.d.

and their pupils trained in the use of gas masks, European fashion. We need a Navy as strong as any in the world, and we'll get it. We need a small and expert army capable of swift expansion in all its branches to emergency strength up to 4,000,000 men, and we have it. We need a plan for the procurement without delay or confusion of supplies for such an army, and we have that, too.

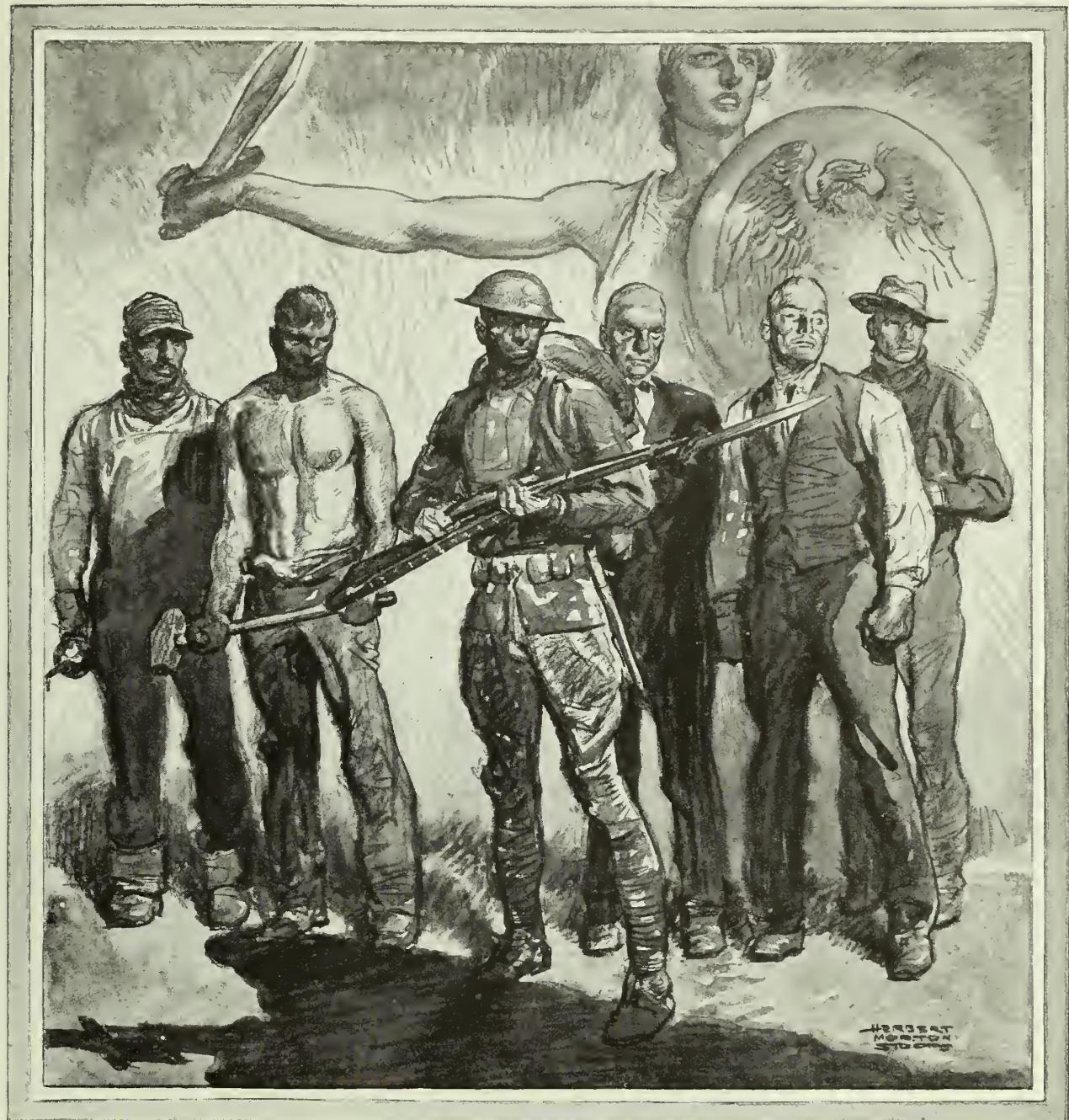
For the salient part it has played in bringing about this condition of national defense The American Legion deserves the country's gratitude. There exists, however, a weak link in the chain. This is the unequal distribution of burdens and rewards among the three components of a wartime effort, military manpower, labor and capital. In the last war a soldier defending his life and his flag on the front with a rifle received \$1.10 a day for his services. A mechanic in the factory where the rifle was made received \$20 a day. The owners of the factory received \$20,000 a day.

For thirteen years the Legion has called attention to this injustice, demanded a remedy and to start the ball rolling put forward tentative proposals. For thirteen years opposition, inertia

**TAKE the Profit out of War and You
 Make War Improbable, If Not Impossi-
 ble. Firm in This Conviction, The American
 Legion Has for Thirteen Years Urged Upon
 Congress a Universal Service Plan to Place
 Labor, Capital and Fighting Men on a More
 Equitable Basis in any Future War. The Plan
 Is Embodied in Bills Which Are Being Intro-
 duced into Congress at the Present Session**

and the pressure of other concerns have forestalled action.

The time has come when further delay imperils us. Therefore once more The American Legion was prepared to renew the fight to the end that the present Congress, which by the time these lines are read will have convened, should not rise from its deliberations without enacting a Universal Service Law. In the midst of the Legion's preparations a significant and unexpected thing happened. Early in December the President of the United States



*Drawing by
Herbert Morton Stoops*

made our cause his own, and in a ringing declaration against war profits named a board to review the case to date and suggest specific legislation. The chairman of that body is Bernard M. Baruch, and no better man, no man whose name and record are more calculated to inspire confidence, could have been chosen. Baruch was chairman of the War Industries Board in charge of industrial mobilization in 1917 and '18. He knows the weaknesses of the profit system. He has been against it from the first and a staunch supporter of the Legion's cause since the introduction of that first bill in 1922.

In lending the vast authority of his personal prestige to this campaign Mr. Roosevelt has done another helpful thing in adopting an old slogan of the Legion's, "Take the Profit Out of War." The recent disclosures of war profits by the Senate investigating committee—for whose creation the Legion is largely responsible—comes at just the right time to make that slogan effective and help the cause.

These factors will do much to overcome the actual handicap

under which this legislation has labored in the way of a popular title. "Universal Draft" is a misnomer to which, unfortunately, the Legion itself has given much currency. It had its origin shortly after the war in the emotional reaction following the disclosures of heartless profiteering in military supplies. The late President Harding spoke with indignation in favor of "drafting the dollar." Another epigram was, "Conscript labor and capital as well as soldiers." This rhetoric did much to stir the country to a need for reform but when it began to be taken literally opposition was aroused which has done much to retard the progress of actual legislation.

The conscription of manpower for the armed forces is possible and feasible and under Universal Service would be continued in even more drastic form than during the World War. But the conscription of all laborers needed to man the munitions plants, shipyards, farms, forests, mines and factories required to keep the Army and Navy going would require the creation of an administrative machine as hard to run as the (Continued on page 68)

MEMORIES of M.I.D.

by
Rupert Hughes

Part Two

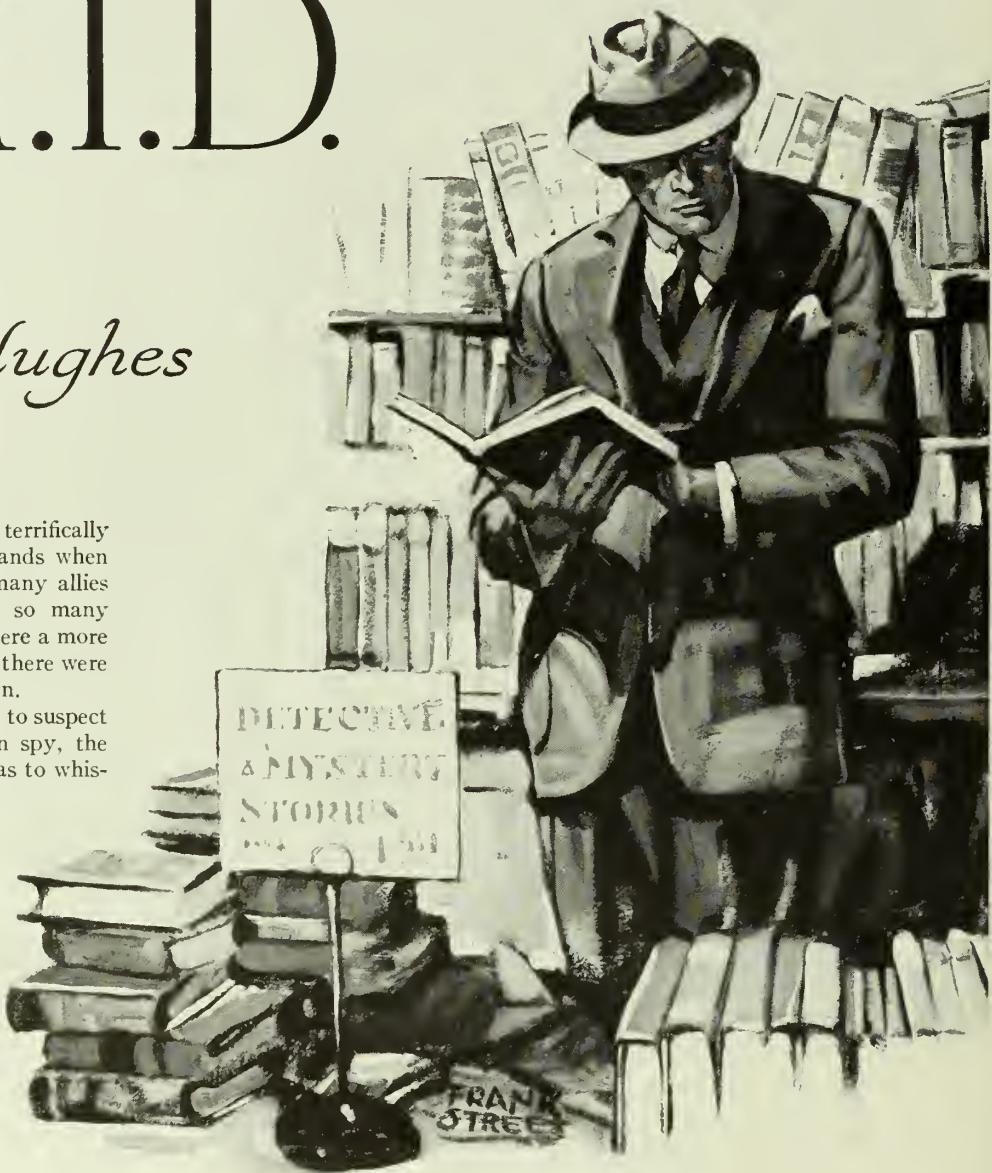
THE United States had a terrifically complex situation on its hands when it entered a war with so many allies and so many enemies of so many races and languages. Never was there a more polyglot war, and inside every race there were factions and feuds as inside our own.

Since we had a national tendency to suspect every foreigner of being a German spy, the best way to discredit a foreigner was to whisper that he was in the Kaiser's pay. Immediately after the affair of the three Polish editors of which I wrote last month I was put on such a case.

A prominent American diplomat going on a foreign mission wanted to take with him as an expert aide a certain Pole, but when the passport division looked into his record they were somehow duped into accepting the most amazing charges against him. They not only prevented his departure on the important mission but they interfered with his activities in the Polish National Committee and brought on him the grave suspicion of our department. The Poles appealed for an investigation and a clean bill of health.

The report on him stated that he was "an illiterate tinker who had picked up a little surface culture by associating with his betters;" he was a man of mysterious and shady past and his actions were so very suspicious that it would probably be a good thing to lock him up. All this was set down in careful language and it had stopped his passport.

He called on me and brought a stack of documents conclusively proving that he was born of an important family in Russian Poland and graduated from a Polish university. He had gone to England and graduated at the University of London. He showed me his diploma. He had come to America and secured a post in the National City Bank, where he had charge of practically all its huge financial transactions with Eastern Europe and Russia. Out of his own pocket he had paid the expenses of re-



cruiting and uniforming a company of Polish volunteers. He had resigned his post with the bank in order to drill these troops and go abroad with them. He showed me a letter from the president of the bank, Frank Vanderlip, expressing his regret at the resignation, his appreciation of the man's patriotism, and his hope that when the war was over he would come back to the bank and take up again the important work he had done so splendidly before.

This was the "illiterate tinker of mysterious activities"! But by this time it was too late for him to go on the foreign mission.

It did not need foreign conspiracies to cast suspicion on foreign visitors here. I was called in to secure a passport clearance for one Pole whom Paderewski wanted to take to Europe with him. This man had come within a hair's breadth of being shot or hanged as a spy, and several good Americans were bitterly disappointed by their failure to bump him off.

His case may be worth telling as a warning against the mad frenzy for slaughter that strikes even the mildest peoples when



The famous foreigner who was lecturing and autographing his books did not realize that he was being shadowed

war robs life of logic and law, and even of common sense and intelligent selfishness. There is not only a strange outbreak of savagery that destroys or tortures innocent and harmless people, but also a lust for blood that destroys as well people of the greatest usefulness to the cause.

The Secret Service, the Military and Naval Intelligence, the Department of Justice and the innumerable local police departments have it in their power to inflict the most wanton outrages, and they find it difficult not to abstain from persecutions, for many people turn ravenous at the first outbreak of war and demand violence. If they do not see heads falling they turn on the officers and accuse them of treachery or incompetence. Some of the mildest and sweetest people in peacetime are apt to grow absolutely bloodthirsty at such times. They go mad drunk on war.

The story of this Polish patriot is a case in point. He was the son of an immensely wealthy steel man in Russian Poland. He did not want to fight for Russia so he came to this country; he was a great horseman and was often seen in Central Park. He

was tall and lean and by some accident looked like the typical villain of a melodrama. Everybody who knows the stage or the screen knows that typical villains on stage or screen are especially apt to be most gentle and honest persons off stage.

This Pole was constantly looked at askance. As he said to me afterward:

"You can see for yourself that I look like the popular idea of a spy. I went to the head of your Secret Service, Flynn, and showed him all my life story, all my papers and convinced him that I was no friend of Germany's. I asked him for some paper that I could show to people who might suspect me. He said that he had no authority to issue such a document, but if I ever got into a jam to telegraph him and he would telegraph back that I was all right."

But see what happened when he tried to telegraph.

After spending some time in New York his restless spirit led him to travel about the country. He could not get home to Russian Poland. Time was heavy on his hands. He did the most natural thing in the world, the thing that in times of peace we advertise as the

ideal thing to do. "See America First." But in wartime this looked infamous.

He loved to play polo. He loved horseflesh. He loved to photograph bucking broncos. As he wandered about he visited many cities where there were cavalry posts with polo teams.

Incidentally he distributed maps showing what Poland ought to be when she was reconstituted by the recovery of her ancient territories from Russia, Austria and Germany. His dream was a new Poland. He preached it wherever he went. He even had maps printed by Rand, McNally and Company of Chicago—thousands of copies for circulation.

What could prove his anti-Germanism better than this public propaganda for a great Poland? Yet these very maps were taken by infatuated spy-hunters as proofs of his damnable guilt.

As he traveled the country, going to desert posts, playing polo and photographing bucking broncos when he was not riding them, eventually he reached a Southern city. There he ran into trouble. He played a game or two with an army polo team and one afternoon was just leaving his hotel for another when a man said:

"Your car is at the side door."

He stepped into an automobile and was told he was under

arrest. He was thrown into the military prison. He promptly wrote out telegrams to Flynn and Paderewski.

It is hard to believe, if any human cruelty is hard to believe, but those telegrams were simply confiscated. Not only were they not sent, but no effort was made to make inquiries about him. He asked for legal help and a firm of lawyers agreed to take his case. They were quietly told that they would be run out of town if they tried to aid the German spy. They never reappeared and no other lawyers could be secured. The spy-hunters were famished and determined they would not be robbed of their prey.

a starvation strike. He told me that when they finally carried him to the hospital from his cell he heard one of the stretcher-bearers say: "This guy won't live three days."

But they fed him up in the hospital and he finally convinced a nurse of his innocence and persuaded her to get word to Paderewski. Paderewski immediately vouched for him and he was released. But his record was in the files against him, so that when Paderewski went to Europe and wanted this man to go along as an invaluable aide he could not get a passport.

The case was referred to me and the Pole called at my office.



The Belgian soldiers accompanying a military mission from that country soon after we entered the war were given a marvelous reception wherever they appeared. Here is the detachment in front of the White House

The Pole in his despair grew acquainted with certain fellow prisoners. One of them, a sergeant punished for some relatively minor offence, finished his term and was discharged. The Pole persuaded him to send some telegrams for him. When the sergeant went to the telegraph office he was seized and put back into prison under grave suspicion.

The papers found in the Pole's baggage were seized and examined with a determination to make a charge that was unbelievable. One day Colonel Van Deman happened to tell me of a Polish prisoner who was charged with being a German spy. His only salvation was that all the departments involved felt just a trace of doubt and each wanted the other to hang him. Colonel Van Deman was not satisfied that the proof was complete and declined to authorize an execution under M. I. auspices.

I thought no more of the matter till it came before me long after. After his effort to suborn the sergeant to his hellish purposes, the Pole was put in solitary confinement in that far Southern city in the infernal heat of a hot summer. He could get no word whatever to the outside.

Finally he was so wretched that he wanted to die. He went on

I sent for the dossier and it was nearly a yard high. I went over it bit by bit and everything I saw struck me as the most convincing proof of his innocence.

Now it happened that the M. I. officer who had been stationed in that Southern city had come to Washington. He and I had become great friends. He was as kindly disposed as anybody I ever knew, but you never know your friends till you have seen them drunk or in a war.

His name was everywhere in the dossier. I saw that he had earnestly recommended the Pole's execution, he had begged for it. So I called him on the telephone and said:

"You handled that —— case, didn't you?"

"Indeed and I did."

"Well, what about it?"

"I think it was the blank blankest outrage I ever heard of that they didn't shoot the son."

"What were the chief points against him?"

"Oh, a lot of things—a lot of photographs and—"

"The photographs were mostly bucking bronchos, weren't they?"

"Yes, but they were taken at army posts."

"I see. If the Kaiser had learned that we had bucking bronchos he could have won the war, eh?"

"Ha, ha! But the worst was a lot of maps of the new Poland."

"What was the matter with them?"

"Oh, they didn't take as much territory away from Germany as we thought they ought to."

"But they were based on Paderewski's claims, weren't they?"

"So he said, but they didn't take as much as they ought to have. It looked mighty suspicious to us."

"But these maps were printed by the biggest map printers in the country, weren't they?"

"Yes, I suppose they were."

"And distributed by the thousand."

"Say, you seem to know a lot about the case. What you asking me for?"

"I'm trying to find what earthly reason you could have for thinking for a moment that he was deserving of suspicion, to say nothing of death."

"Aw, you go to hell."

I lost a good friend, but when I made my report to Colonel Van Deman he was aghast at the combination of stupidity and cruelty. He gave the man a clean bill of health with profound apologies, and the Pole went with Paderewski to Poland, where he became one of the most important figures. Later he returned to this country for a visit and his gratitude was embarrassing.

THREE were countless instances of inhumanity based on war-fear or war-wrath—they are usually rooted in the same emotions. But there were not nearly so many or so vicious maltreatments even of foreigners as during the Revolutionary War, which was to a large degree a Civil War, in which Tories and radicals inflicted appalling cruelties on one another.

With forty times the population of that time and with well over a million German-born residents in our country we treated them in general with a fairness and leniency that is most comforting in retrospect. But this was due to the fine restraint and high character of men like Van Deman who could easily have started a race-persecution of hideous viciousness.

It is almost beyond belief that our nation did not put a single spy to death. General Van Deman said to me recently:

"We never executed a German spy in this country, and there was never an official execution by our forces abroad, though a number of spies caught red-handed at the front and ordered to the rear for trial somehow never reached the rear. As for me, I don't believe in shooting spies." Colonel Van Deman went on to mention that we sentenced one man to death over here but the sentence was commuted. Also he told me of one man captured in France when he was over there. The Germans, in withdrawing from a sector, had left one man in a concealed dugout with a telephone. He stayed there behind the American lines for a week before he was discovered. When his supply of



Rupert Hughes as a captain of Military Intelligence in 1917. Below, as an officer of the New York National Guard, in 1904

water gave out he stole forth one midnight to replenish it. Captured, he was treated with the greatest contempt and started to the rear for trial. The rear was a long way back. Somehow he never turned up. Only his toes turned up. Somewhere.

The man's fate haunts me. If he had been an American he would be cherished among our military saints. There's Nathan Hale. He is revered. Yet he was captured the very night that New York was set on fire in a dozen places, and he was naturally supposed to be one of the incendiaries sent in by the Americans to make New York what Moscow became to Napoleon thirty-six years later. Some authorities believe that Nathan Hale was sent in to help burn down the town. All we know of his fate is what a British officer, coming to our lines under a flag of truce, was reported as telling. This included his famous last words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." We know hardly more of the start of his mission, and the research workers are still disputing the details today—a hundred and fifty-eight years later.

It is a question whether the ignominious death meted out to spies has any deterrent effect or makes their exploits more tempting to certain types of mind. It is to be noted that the British have recently decided not to shoot cowards or deserters on the battlefield.

But, in any case, it is certain that our failure to turn the country into a great German slaughter-house was a matter of keen regret to many good Americans who did not spare their words of contempt for our mollycoddle policy. These were the people who made it unpleasant for the unfortunate persons who spoke German dialect. This hostility (*Continued on page 50*)

★ *The National Commander Says—*

The LEGION WAY *is the* **AMERICAN WAY**

THIS is not a magazine story. It is a man-to-man talk—a personal conversation with every one of you about this great organization of ours and especially about the strong, forward-looking program we have for accomplishment this year. It is not just my program. It is *your* program, and that is why I want to sit down by the fireside with you this evening and talk things over.

As you know, each year you men elect delegates and send them to a National Convention for the purpose of working out a program for the good of the country and the Legion. These conventions are to the Legion what Congress is to the nation. Ours is a big organization; in our individual capacities we have many ideas and many shades of opinion about many subjects. Your delegates consider all of these conditions and proposals, and out of this forum of thought comes a program that is one hundred percent Legion.

That is the right way to do things; it is the American way.

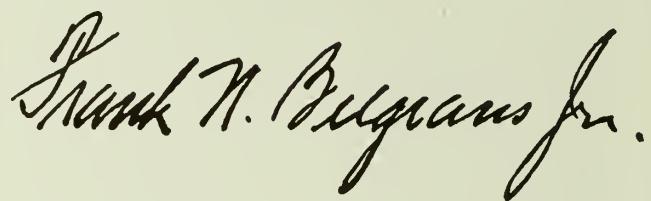
Then, immediately after the convention the new National Commander organizes his plans to carry out your mandates. The Department Commanders and Adjutants and the National Executive Committee come to Indianapolis to talk things over and prepare a plan of action for the year's work on sound, fundamental lines. That also is the American way of doing things. There is only one thing missing—that is the personal contact with every one of you men and women who *are* The American Legion.

I realize that it is impossible to have you all come to Indianapolis to give me the guidance that I need and want. In all the land there is no hall large enough to accommodate you, and even if there were we should still miss this heart-to-heart talk I so earnestly seek. Therefore, from time to time during my year I shall seek the hospitality of your fireside through the medium of our monthly magazine, which comes to the home of every Legionnaire.

Now that we understand and know each other, let's get talking about the big job we must and will accomplish this year.

In the first place I want you to know that there is no one thing you do that is more helpful to the National Commander than sending your Department Commanders and Adjutants to Indianapolis after every National Convention. They know what you are thinking about and in that way the Commander has the benefit of some close personal contact with you. It is just like calling in the field generals in preparation for a great battle. No general ever won a battle. It is the men on the firing line who do that, and the commander cannot plan a concerted drive without the counsel of his division leaders.

In the same manner, the National Executive Committee serves the purposes of a general staff. It surveys the situation, reads the maps and determines certain key objectives in the sectors which must be taken at all hazards if the campaign is to succeed. Some objectives are obvious. No general staff is needed to decide, for instance, that the first lines of enemy trenches must be cleared.



The real job is to decide where certain heavy barrages must be laid down to take specific, key positions. That is what the National Executive Committee does.

When the Committee met in Indianapolis in November it considered all of the worthy mandates of your Miami Convention calling for legislative action, as part of our general campaign for 1934-35. It decided that all must be accomplished and that four must be placed in what we call our primary *legislative* program.

These four include the Legion's recommendation for immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates as an effective relief and recovery measure which will not increase the national debt; government protection for the widows and dependent children of deceased World War veterans who are in need of that protection; adoption of the Universal Service Act, and establishment of an adequate national defense, not on paper but in fact.

When the Executive Committee singled out these things, however, it did not mean that we were to neglect all of our remaining mandates. Our Miami Convention adopted many resolutions requiring legislative action; it also adopted many others which

“We propose to wage this battle against un-Americanism in every field in which the enemies of America operate. We have declared war; no quarter is asked, none will be given”

require little or no Congressional action to make them effective.

We shall fight for all of them with all of our energy and determination, whether they are classified in the primary or secondary legislative brackets. Your National Executive Committee gave us a primary program that is sound and just. I shall support it personally, conscientiously and vigorously and I will expect that same kind of support for it from every loyal Legionnaire. Now let us talk about those other objectives I mentioned, the ones that need little or no legislative action.

When we adopted the Preamble to our Constitution as an organization, in the first words we associated ourselves together for God and Country. What does that mean? It means that to every Legionnaire duty to our Country comes *first!* And that means that Americanism always has been and always will be one



of our primary activities. Although we needed no mandate on Americanism beyond the clear, firm language of our Preamble, your Miami Convention gave us one. It adopted without debate and by acclamation a resolution saying specifically that in 1935 our primary activity should be Americanism.

We can ask Congress to do some things, but the duty of implanting the spirit of true Americanism in the heart of every citizen belongs to us. The first lines of enemy trenches to be taken by you, the Minute Men on the firing line, are those which are now held by un-American and subversive influences. I am asking *you* to enlist with me in the greatest campaign that ever was undertaken to preserve and perpetuate the ideals and principles upon which we have founded the greatest nation of free citizens in all history. They must survive.

A century of progress in the fight to free mankind from the shackles of political slavery has been lost in Europe. Russia has become a nation of peons, quivering under the lash of a small group of men who rule by the might of the firing squad. A

frenzied dictator is striving to regiment Germany in his own image. In Italy individual liberty is dead. All Europe has become a whirlpool of mad isms, and freedom lies dying. Into that whirlpool these same forces now seek to hurl our United States.

We tried to save Europe once; we failed. The blood of gallant American soldiers, our comrades, was shed in a glorious but vain effort to make the world safe for democracy. There is just one stronghold of democracy left. It is the United States of America, my country and your country. There is room in our land for just one ism. That is Americanism. You and I, together, must roll up our sleeves and fight for that principle.

The agents of Europe's political dictators are here in our land in untold numbers. They are preaching revolution to our citizens. We do not seek to impose our ideas of government upon the nations of the world and they must stop trying to impose their theories upon us. Whenever our people feel that changes are desirable, our Government provides a proper and safe method for obtaining them. There is no instrument (*Continued on page 67*)

The BAD NEWS

By Ray S. Carney

"I HAVE never seen anything heal any nicer and you should be in fine shape within a few months."

It was the ward surgeon speaking to me at the Muskogee Veterans Facility where I had undergone an operation for thyroid. The operation, performed some three or four days previously, was the culmination of many months of suffering as a result of my having continued work at a job that I couldn't afford to lose. The fact that, when the show-down came, I did not lose the job but was given a leave of absence, due to the charity and good wishes of my employer and friends, is beside the point. Mine was a case similar to thousands that exist over the country today. Jobs are not so plentiful as they were at one time and symptoms that indicate serious physical incapacitation are regarded as a minor consideration in the face of the family's economic situation.

But the operation was over and the doctor had promised me a speedy recovery. My family and my friends were rejoicing and daily I received letters congratulating me on the fight that I had made, and was about to win. That's what they thought—and I thought, at that time. Then: "I have bad news for you this morning. The biopsy on your thyroid tissue shows malignant carcinoma cells."

The ward surgeon was speaking again, less than a week after the operation. I took his word for the fact that the news was bad. But I didn't know what he was talking about. Maybe he meant that the gland was in worse condition than they had thought at first. Maybe it meant that I would be forced to take a longer rest.

"What do you mean, carcinoma, Doctor?" I asked.

"In your language, it means cancer."

Was that bad news? I ask you. With a bad heart and a fast pulse, this shock was almost too much for me. I had a cancer. And I thought I was nearly ready to go home. I recalled that I had prayed all of my life to be spared this, of all of the maladies that curse the human body. I remembered two of my neighbors who had died recently of cancer. I could see the other neighbors who, upon learning of the affliction, would shake their heads and say: "A matter of six weeks or six months." The thought that a cure might be effected never entered into their mind. Nor had I ever regarded cancer as anything but an incurable disease. The news announced by the ward surgeon on that fateful morning last April meant but one thing to me at that time—that I simply had to wait for death.

"We are going to transfer you to the Edward Hines, Jr., Facility at Hines, Illinois, for treatment," the doctor continued in a voice that I heard but vaguely. Finally, the idea dawned upon me that he was holding out some sort of hope.

"But, Doctor, is there any cure for cancer?"

"Certainly, if you can receive the treatment soon enough. And I believe that we have diagnosed your case in its incipiency. Those doctors at Hines have been having some wonderful

results—perfectly marvelous."

With that the kindly doctor left me to my thoughts. Gradually I calmed myself to the point where I could do some semblance of thinking. How was I to break the news to my wife? What about that job? How was the family to live during my continued stay in the hospital? But those things, after all, were not of prime importance. First con-

sideration was that of getting well. My battle was not so nearly won as I had thought. I had cancer. BUT, what was of far more moment, I was given a chance to defeat it.

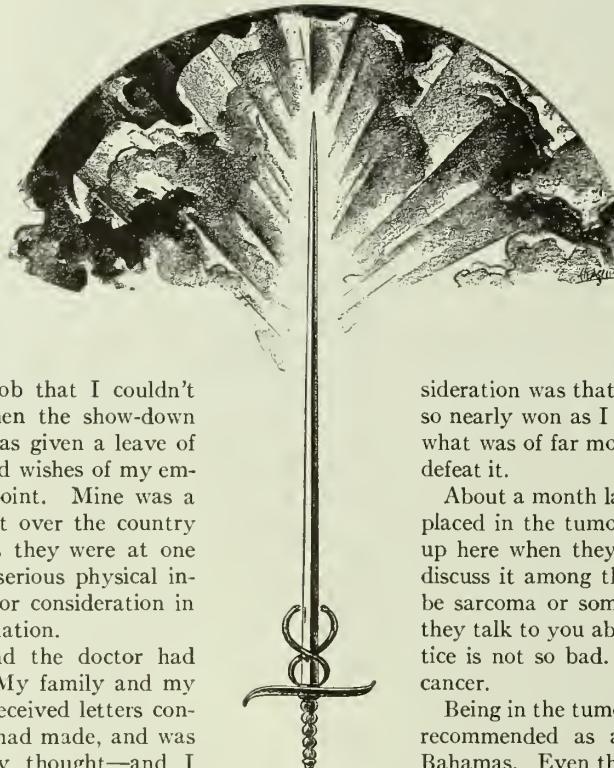
About a month later I was transferred to Hines and placed in the tumor section. That's what they call it up here when they talk to you about it. When they discuss it among themselves, it is carcinoma, or maybe sarcoma or some other unintelligible term. When they talk to you about it they call it tumor. The practice is not so bad. Anything is better than the word cancer.

Being in the tumor section of any hospital is not to be recommended as a substitute for a holiday in the Bahamas. Even though every possible effort is exerted to make things as pleasant as possible, the sight of suffering cannot be obscured. A number of the horrible details regarding patients who delayed treatment might be recounted—to no advantage. Suffice it to say that the tumor section reminds you of another battlefield where the enemy is ingenious and ruthless and where the warriors must command a courage far superior to that manifested during the war. A general atmosphere of reckless abandon, camaraderie, and good humor prevails among the men. However, you see one to himself on occasion. With his hands over his face, he sits and thinks. We have learned that that is bad business. It's time for a card game. Or it might be well to tell him the story of Smith, who was discharged last month apparently cured of what looked like a hopeless case. Solitary thinking has its place in the world but it isn't in the tumor ward.

Within a short time after being transferred to the tumor section, I was called before the tumor board for definite diagnosis and treatment recommendation. I had held some hope up to this time that the diagnosis at Muskogee had been wrong. This last hope faded, however, with the announcement by this board that my case was malignant.

Deep X-ray therapy was recommended, and I was sent back to my ward. Having to take deep X-ray didn't sound any too good to me. What was deep X and was it painful? "It made me sick as hell," Brown said. He had carcinoma of the stomach. "It made me feel terrible for a few hours but I didn't get sick." Ledbetter, who had carcinoma of the throat, was telling me. "You don't feel it during the treatment, however," another encouraged.

I had a chance to learn for myself next morning. I was placed on a bench about two feet high and a bridge of lattice work was built over my face and neck. Thick rubber slabs were placed over



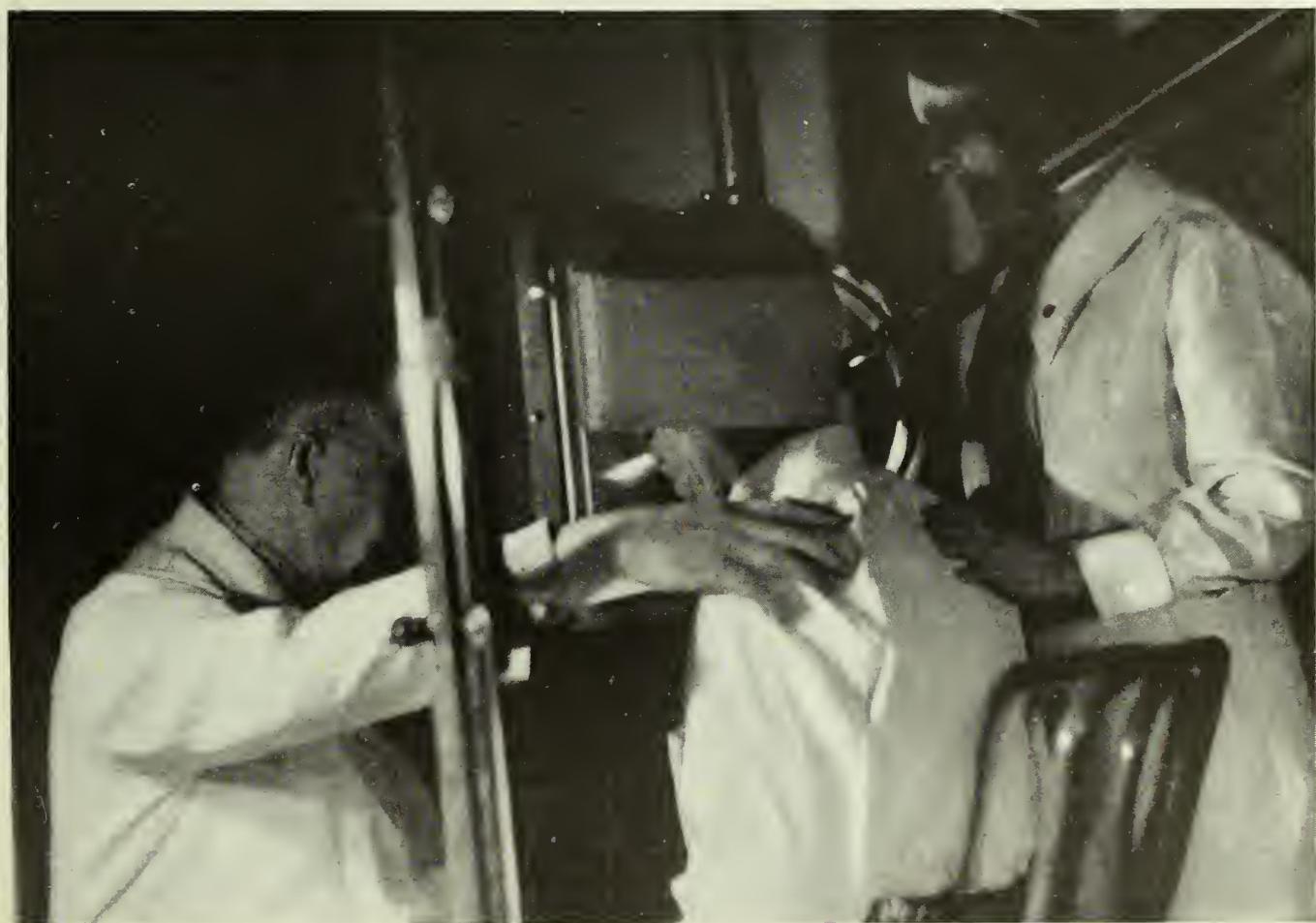
GOVERNMENT HOSPITALS OFFER ELIGIBLE WORLD WAR VETERANS SUFFERING WITH CANCER THE BENEFIT OF UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT AND A PERSONNEL TRAINED IN THE MOST MODERN METHODS OF FIGHTING THE DISEASE

the strips to block off all except the section to be exposed. The bench was rolled under a long drum-looking affair with a funnel under the bottom. There I was left while the attendant went into the next room. Almost immediately I was aware of a buzzing sound and I waited impatiently for the X-ray to be turned on. An alarm clock sounded in the distance. The door opened, the attendant entered and pulled me from under the drum. "Come back day after tomorrow," he said. Not until then did I realize that the treatment was over. I went back to my bed and felt like the devil for the balance of the day. Don't inquire as to where I was pained. The sensation is indescribable.

Once established in the tumor section of Hines Hospital, I became interested in just what progress had been made by Hines in particular and the Veterans Administration in general in the matter of cancer treatment for veterans. I sought literature on the subject and inquired of the doctors. The elaborate preparation in the matter of personnel and equipment and the confidence with which the malady was handled at Hines were facts that were new to me. One is impressed in this institution that Hines and its manager, Colonel Hugh Scott, seem to be the center of the Administration's activities in the fight against cancer among veterans.

As late as 1930, according to Colonel Scott, the extent of cancer treatment by the Administration was limited to several service-connected cases at Hines who were being served inadequately by some radium that was rented from a private concern in Chicago. During that year The American Legion, Department of Illinois, bought and donated for use at Hines fifty milligrams of radium. There were no strings tied to the use of this radium and thus, for the first time, was adequate treatment for cancer made available to all ex-service men within the quantitative limits of equipment and personnel. The significance of this largess on the part of the Department of Illinois is apparent at once when we consider the splendid progress that has been made from the program that it sponsored in the beginning.

According to Dr. John W. Turner, chief of the tumor section, the original 150 beds allotted to the section have been increased to 269 beds. The demand for accommodations for cancer cases will grow in mounting proportions, as we can see if we consult charts issued by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. One of these charts shows that cancer's casualties mount in number rapidly as the age group advances from about thirty-five to sixty-five. The average age of the veteran at this time is



They don't think cancer is incurable, these government doctors, and the records show that early diagnosis gives the sufferer an excellent chance for complete recovery

Its spacious halls and the \$175,000 worth of cancer treatment equipment and material, including \$150,000 worth of radium, apparently furnish the training school for personnel to be used in other tumor clinics being established over the country by the Veterans Administration.

about forty-two. That means that cancer is becoming more serious yearly as a menace to the veterans.

Incidentally, this chart shows that seven percent of the people in the United States who die at the age of forty-two are victims of cancer. A printed pamphlet issued by (Continued on page 66)

THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE GIVES BATTLE ORDERS FOR ADJUSTED COMPENSATION, THE UNIVERSAL DRAFT AND OTHER MAJOR OBJECTIVES, AND SOUNDS THE COMMAND FORWARD TO MAKE

1935: *The Legion's Greatest Year*

By Frank E. Samuel

National Adjutant, The American Legion

HAVE you ever watched a bowling champion when he is at his best? He leaps for the black line, and the ball seems scarcely to touch the waxed alley as it speeds for the head pin.

Bong-g! There is no word you can write which reproduces exactly that satisfying sound made by a bowling ball as it strikes the head pin at the right spot, slightly off-center, and sends all ten pins tumbling in a clattering crash—a strike.

You get to know that sound. The moment you hear the ring of ball upon head pin and the crack of the other pins, wood upon wood, your mind tells you whether it is going to be a strike. You can tell it with your eyes shut. When you hear that one sound, like no other sound, you know that the ball won't cleave through the center of the pins leaving the two end ones standing—a hated split—and there won't be a single pin left to be mowed down for a sorrowful spare. You know a strike when you see one—you know it while the back pins are still standing.

In baseball, the finest music is the sound of a solidly-swung bat smacking into the equator of a swift ball. In nine cases out of ten, you can tell a home run while the ball is still speeding like a bullet, somewhere in mid-air between first and third base. Your eye records the impact of ball and bat; your ear registers the smack; your mind shouts "home run!"

This year of 1935 in The American Legion is going to be a strike. It is going to be a home run.

I know because I saw the new Commanders of the forty-eight States and their Department Adjutants sitting in conference for three days at National Headquarters in November.

I know because I saw the National Executive Committee come into Indianapolis as the Department Commanders and Adjutants left, and I watched them as they sat in action for two days as the Legion's Senate.

I know, because I heard National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., speak first to the Commanders and Adjutants and

then to the National Executive Committee. I heard what he said to them, as he held up to them the jobs which the Miami Convention has set for the Legion this year, and I heard what they said to him, after discussing and debating one thing after another for hours and hours. They spoke for a fighting Legion.

I caught the feeling of it all, the ring of determination and confidence, the blazing enthusiasm for principles joined to a mighty energy in that combination which spells irresistible effort and certain success. It was the sound of the strike! It was the sound of the home run!

And I realized that what was happening in the assembly room on the fourth floor of the Legion's National Headquarters building proceeded from the whole Legion. It was the impact produced by a united and determined Legion of 11,000 posts, of more than a million men who already were forming into line for 1935.

National Commander Belgrano saw and felt what I saw and felt, and it was what every one of the Commanders and Adjutants and Executive Committeemen saw and felt. It was in the air. We knew that that same feeling must also be in the minds of almost a million Legionnaires.

The telegraphic roll-call of membership by States proclaimed that feeling. On November 20th the telegrams came speeding in, State after State announcing big increases over the year before. When all the telegrams had been checked, we found the Legion's paid-in-advance membership for 1935 was 314,070. That figure was 45,210 greater than on the corresponding day of the year before. It was 109,836 greater than the enrollment of the corresponding date two years ago. And keep in mind that we finished the year 1934 with a straight

gain in membership of 60,000 over 1933.

Confidence and certainty lay in these figures. National Commander Belgrano sat with lead pencil putting down the figures as they were read. He added up the total. Then he expressed the determination which had been forming in his mind.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CUSHING

The Obelisk of Indianapolis's World War Memorial Plaza looks across sunken gardens to the Legion's National Headquarters building

"I take it for granted when you reported 314,070 members at this date, you were merely indicating just what you intend to do this year," he said. "That means that I shall not be satisfied with less than 1,250,000 members. If you intend to complete the quota that I am asking you for, you will give us 1,250,000-*plus* members by the close of the year 1935. I say to you without hesitancy that if you can give us that sort of membership, a sincere and strong membership, I can assure you that we shall meet with success in the program that is before us."

Commander Belgrano called upon all Departments to help establish a new high membership as a forceful demonstration

that World War veterans stand squarely behind the whole program of The American Legion as adopted at Miami.

The membership signs and portents for 1935 are right. Equally right are the signs and portents of the Legion's 1935 general program. The Miami Convention gave a mandate that Americanism shall be the primary activity of the Legion in the year ahead. That convention gave also a series of legislative mandates. These mandates were the voice of the conventions of all the Departments, as expressed by more than one thousand elected delegates at Miami. The National Executive Committee considered this whole legislative program, (Continued on page 62)

BEWARE *the* SMOKE SCREEN!

By

Dan Edwards

THE men who were disabled during the World War are experiencing a new and strange sensation. They are being wooed by the monied interests.

If there be any love in this strange courtship, it is entirely one-sided. The disabled man can't and won't forget the faithful attentions given him by an old, strong and trusted suitor, The American Legion. Why should he forget? You see, I speak as a war casualty. I sincerely believe my opinion in the premises represents the thoughts of practically all such men. Here's how we look at the situation.

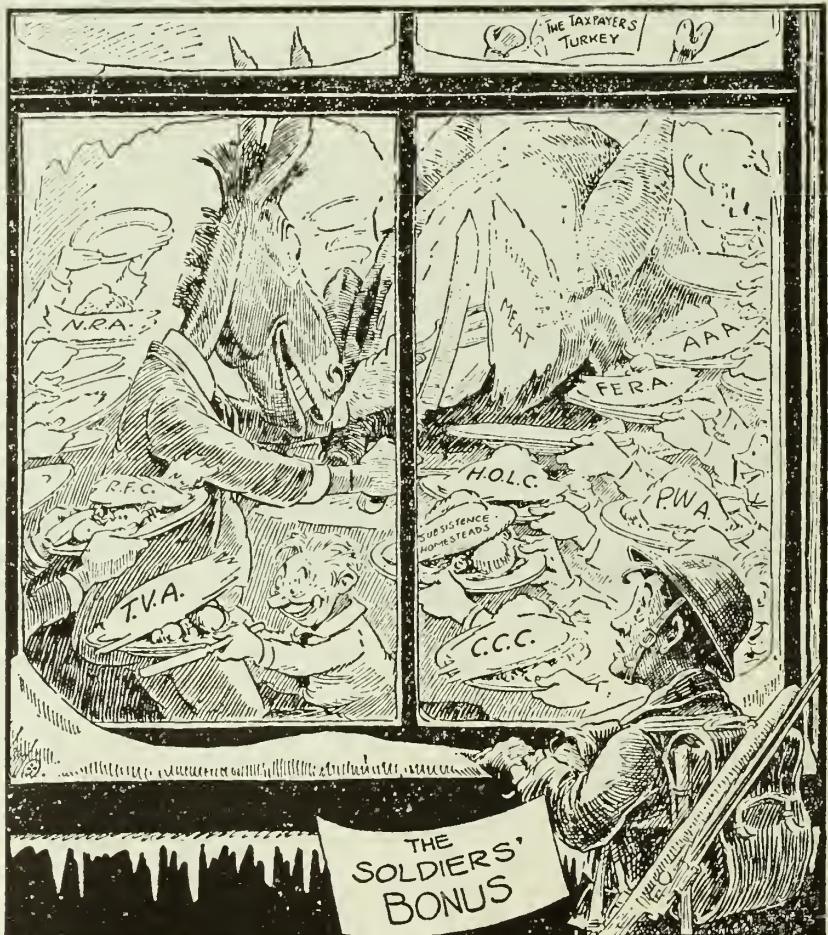
Since the war we have listened constantly to the assurances of politicians that we would be given every comfort possible by an appreciative Government. We read in the press of the good intentions everyone has for our welfare. Yet we must frankly face the saddening fact that we are not only maimed and disabled for our natural lives, but that the self-same alleged appreciative Government has gone only a part of the way in restoring a portion of the comforts we enjoyed before the war.

In nine cases out of ten we are compelled to live much below the level we were accustomed to prior to our disablement. Seldom do you see one of us who has two suits of clothing. The one we have is likely to be a cast-off from a generous relative or friend.

Why is this so? We simply can't afford anything better. Please bear in mind that I have reference to the men who were disabled in the war, and who, at present, are being begged by selfish interests to join ranks with them to help defeat the payment of adjusted compensation.

The foregoing is not a far-fetched statement. There is probably not one post in The American Legion which doesn't have at least one or two (and most posts have more) disabled men to take care of in some manner. The care of the disabled being the foremost interest of the Legion, it is obvious that the assistance given us is given with a readiness and whole-hearted-

ness that can be found only in the Legion. Yet the Legion, as well as the disabled men who are the recipients of such aid, rightly feels that their comforts should be provided for by the Government. The Legion has constantly worked for legislation



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

Not Invited to the Party

A WEARER OF THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR, HIMSELF A TOTAL AND PERMANENT DISABILITY CASE, SOUNDS A WARNING AS THE OPPONENTS OF PAYMENT OF ADJUSTED SERVICE CERTIFICATES RAISE AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR CRY

which will alleviate the suffering of more unfortunate comrades.

Not only has the Legion been responsible for every scrap of legislation which benefits the disabled men, but it has worked tirelessly to the end that the disabled men get what they are entitled to under the provisions of such legislation. In this connection the National Adjutant recently made known the facts that the National Rehabilitation Committee, under the chairmanship of Watson B. Miller, has had an average budget over the period of years it has been operating of \$124,351.50. A great percentage of this amount was used to prosecute claims for disabled men or the dependents of deceased veterans. Now let us take a look at a few figures that will give us a better picture of what the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee is really doing for us.

In 1930, Mr. Miller tells me, his budget amounted to \$194,280 and his committee recovered \$5,013,761.43 in back compensation to disabled men. In 1931 he used \$185,090 to recover \$6,456,387.63. Here we see the benefit of some of the legislation sponsored by the Legion. It was in the early part of 1931 that the benefit of doubt in the hair-line cases began to be decided in favor of the claimants. But it was left up to the committee to dig the cases out of the files, locate the men, prepare all the evidence, arrange for board hearings. In 1932 the results obtained by the committee were even more remarkable. With a budget of \$194,280, the amount obtained in back compensation for the disabled was \$7,509,126.93.

Now we get to the period where we are able to show just how generous the Government is today to us fellows. Though Mr. Miller used \$171,434.20 in 1933, he was able to recover only \$3,647,765.63. In 1934 his budget was \$184,047.20 and recoveries were \$1,748,399.65. Why did the recoveries drop so heavily in these two years? Watson B. Miller knows as much about disabled veterans' problems as any man in the world. Here is his explanation:

"The decided decrease in recoveries in these two years as compared with those of former years was due largely to the restrictions set up in the Economy Act of March 20, 1933."

Since the passage of the amendatory legislation of March 28, 1934, however, recoveries showed an increase for April, May and June, 1934, which approximated one and one-half million dollars. Undoubtedly, as the effects of the new legislation become more and more evident, the increase in the amount of benefits secured will continue.

Please remember I am using figures for results already obtained. We are not computing or estimating the amounts to be paid in the future as a result of the Legion's activity. This same

good work has been going on ever since the inception of the Legion, and will go on as long as there is a World War veteran left.

That the immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates would be a real windfall to the disabled men is obvious. Equally obvious is the fact that the immediate payment of this just indebtedness to the veterans is the only prospect many of them ever will have of improving their living conditions.

There is a definite movement on foot at this time to get the disabled men to work against their own best interests. The monied group are saying that the disabled men should be liberally provided for and the able-bodied excluded from any consideration. This is about the most contemptible smokescreen ever used in an effort to gain an unfair end. The disabled men know well, from long and sad experience, that there is

no sincere intent or desire to better their lot in the hearts of those opposed to the Legion's proposal.

It should be remembered that the treatment of the disabled men, and the compensation they receive, have absolutely no connection with the Adjusted Service Certificates. Regardless of the disposition of the latter problem, the present consideration shown the disabled will not be affected, unless, of course, the certificates being paid, the welfare funds in the Legion and other organizations will be materially augmented by contributions from veterans who might feel that they should give a part or all of their adjusted compensation to those more needy, through such funds.

It has fallen to my lot to travel up and down the country for years as a speaker on war and veteran (Continued on page 47)

U. S.: "I've already agreed to pay you the bonus in 1945."
Veteran: "In 1945 I'm liable to be in Heaven —or the other jernt."



Batchelor in New York Daily News

Illustrations by
Will Graven

BUDDY-



by
Charles L. Woolley

VETERAN Organizations Have Been Fighting for Fifteen Years to Squelch Panhandling in Its Various Forms by Persons Using the Uniform or Part of the Uniform. These Meanest of Racketeers Give Rhode Island a Wide Berth, for Reasons Set Forth in This Article by a Past National Vice-Commander

JUST the other day the New York papers were telling about a fellow named Joseph Stantini. Joe apparently had a very good business indeed. He was working the subway trade. His assets were a tattered o. d. shirt, a tin cup, a cane, a halting gait, a placard, a glassy stare and an immense stock of effrontery. The placard read, "I am blind from the War of 1917, U. S. A., 1201, E. B."

A detective didn't like Joe's looks, although Joe was a duly licensed beggar. At the nearest police station, it turned out that Joe hadn't been in the war. His blindness had been real enough, but it soon began to wear off. And Joe wasn't even in business for himself. He was just a hired man for a fellow with a well organized begging racket.

When Joe broke down and confessed, he blamed everything on somebody named John. It seems that John was a chemist of sorts; he had invented a preparation which bestowed temporary blindness. John would get his wage slaves together every morning and put something in their eyes. Then he would equip them with fragments of old uniforms, stick placards on them, put canes in their hands and lead them to subway stations, parks and other places. Joe, being a specialist in subways, would ride back and forth on trains, walking up and down corridors, rapping with his cane ahead of him. The glassy stare in his eyes was most convincing. If somebody tested his blindness, that was all right. Joe really couldn't see. But the blindness would begin to wear off in the afternoon, and then Joe would leave the subway and meet John, who would empty the tin cup. As an average panhandler, Joe was good for about \$8 a day. He kept \$3 as wages. John, as becomes a good executive, kept the lion's share of the take. We have Joe's word for it that if one of John's gang fell below the \$8 mark John would get tough.

And if you think that Joe and John are peculiar to New York, you're crazy. If you think that people, even when dumping dimes into their cups, don't resent panhandlers like Joe, you're still crazy. And if you don't think that Joe and John are a liability to all decent veterans, and particularly to The American Legion, then you're crazy all over again.

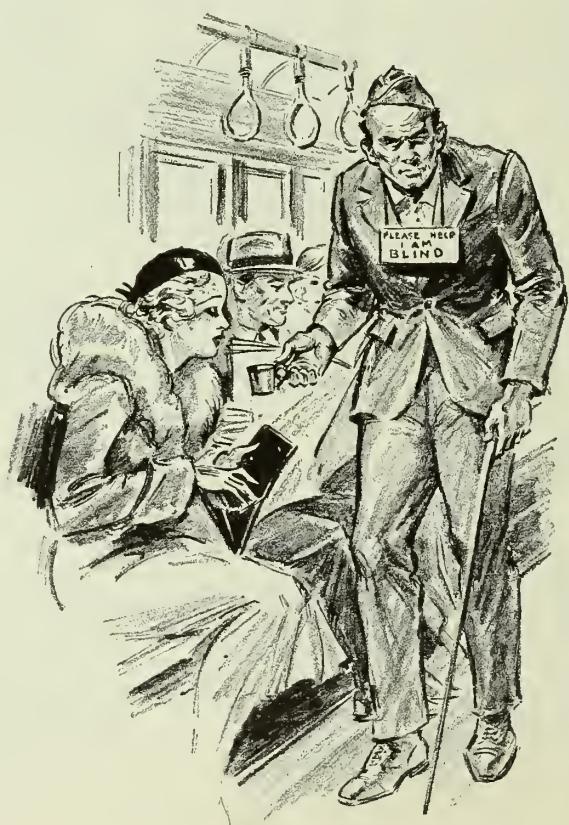
Most people (and with your permission I shall include myself in the classification of people) play the sucker with great frequency. Through avarice or generosity, we are gulled by salesmen and beguiled by beggars. But once a man has been gulled, he reacts. A salesman comes along and sells Bill Jones a block of stock in an oil well. The oil comes off the salesman's tongue, and subsequently Bill finds it out and reacts. He's liable to be skeptical for a time about grocers' clerks.

Similarly, a man reacts against panhandlers. The panhandler

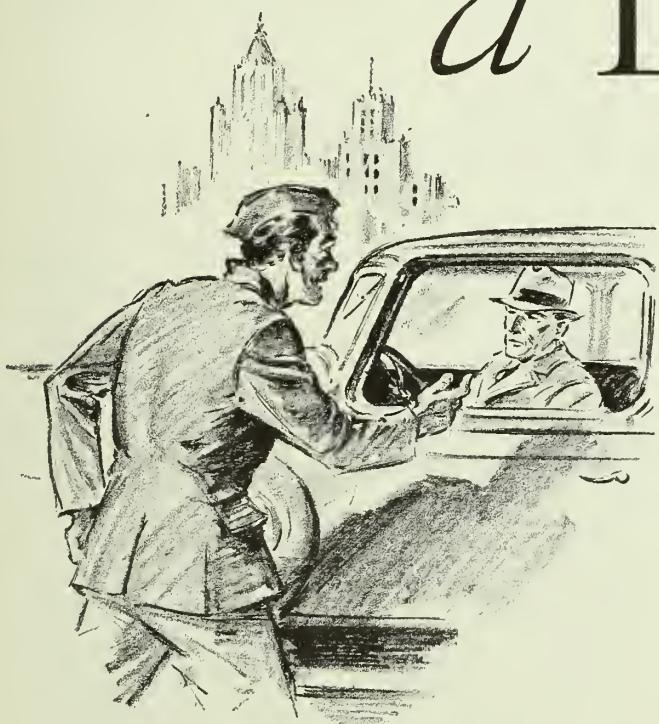
stands on a corner. He may pretend to be selling poppies for the "disabled veterans;" sometimes he has gall enough to say that he is a representative of The American Legion. Veterans can tell he is a phony, but not everybody else can tell.

"Buddy," he says in effect, even if he offers you a poppy, "can you spare a dime?"

Now "Buddy" may be a kid in school or he may have whiskers down to his knees, but if the panhandler wears an overseas cap and a limp, a non-service Buddy is inclined to classify him as a veteran and cough up. What's more, and worse, he's inclined



Can You Spare a DIME?



to classify the bum as a Legionnaire. "Buddy" doesn't know that anybody who really was crippled in the war is presumably being cared for by the United States Veterans Administration. He doesn't know that the panhandler would be about as welcome in a Legion post as a Class 1 epidemic of smallpox. He is apt to think that the words "veteran" and "Legionnaire" are synonymous. Maybe you were that way yourself, twenty years ago, and thought that all Union veterans of the Civil War were Grand Army men.

So it is that when "Buddy" coughs up a dime and presently discovers the tattered recipient speeding a hooker of gin to its obvious destiny, he reacts against veterans in general, which often means that he reacts against Legionnaires in particular. It isn't fair, but if this were an absolutely fair and above-board world there wouldn't be any veterans because there wouldn't be any wars.

If I had the space, I could document this argument in plenty. I could point to learned editorials about "Legion legislation," denouncing bills in National and State legislatures which never had been sought or endorsed by the Legion. The other day a Massachusetts newspaper of good repute printed an article about the elections of a United Spanish War Veterans post. The headline over the story read:

LEGION CHOOSES NEW COMMANDER

Such mistakes are common. Sometimes the Legion benefits from publicity which ought to go to somebody else. Sometimes it suffers. It suffers from the phony veterans who panhandle for themselves or for spurious causes.

In Rhode Island not long ago, the Legion was suffering from a perfect epidemic of phony veteran beggars. With fragments of

uniforms to advertise themselves as ex-service men, they swarmed wherever people would hesitate long enough for a touch. They loved street intersections where there were traffic lights. If your automobile hesitated at a corner, an importunate face under a grimy overseas cap would pop into a window and ask you for money, generally for "the disabled." The detour signs on State highways might as well have read, "Go slowly here; a phony veteran wants to ask you for money."

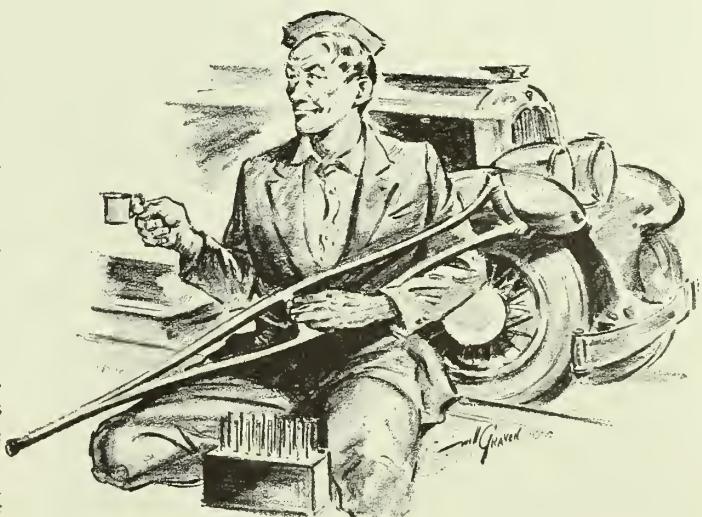
People gave until it hurt—hurt the Legion.

Rhode Island is a tiny State, only about two-thirds as big in area as Worcester County, Massachusetts, which is on our Northern boundary, and all Massachusetts is small compared to most States. But Rhode Island is pretty well crowded with people. It's the most densely populated State in the country. A lot of folks who live in Providence aren't sure when their cars are on Providence streets or Pawtucket streets, in North Providence or East Providence. Towns and cities flow out of Providence like syrup out of an overfilled bottle. And each city or town generally has a Legion post. And each post has some pet charity which it must support. And each post generally tries to raise money for its charity by selling poppies.

If all the posts in metropolitan Providence were to sell their poppies on the same day, a lot of them would have to abandon their charities. A man buying a poppy from Cranston Post probably would refuse to buy, or (since he already would be wearing one) would not be approached when he got to Providence to go to work. So the posts stagger their poppy days to avoid conflict.

Because of this, poppy days were coming along every so often in and around Providence and people sort of lost track of them. That was enough for the panhandlers. They went into the poppy business. A Legion post would advertise a poppy day, and a batch of panhandlers would anticipate it by a day or two, selling poppies of their own. By and by every day was poppy day for the panhandlers.

(Continued on page 48)



AMERICANISM

is the SOUL of America

By J. Ray Murphy

Chairman, National Americanism Commission, The American Legion

NEVER before 1932 did we look out upon a world so complex and so confusing as that we have faced in the years 1932 to 1935. The old order has changed, changed so rapidly and in so many ways that he is either extremely wise or extremely rash who can and will predict the future. In a short span of years empires have been shaken and disintegrated, kings and queens have fallen from the thrones of centuries, some, like the most craven and insignificant of their former subjects, consigned to ignominious death. Much of the geography of the world has been remade, and is in the remaking, perhaps but for a little while. Strange doctrines, new isms, have sprung into being.

Even in this great land, where a maximum of freedom, the limit of liberty, the utmost of opportunity have been considered a citizen's birthright, strange things are happening. Law and order have been challenged. Revolution, feeble, unorganized, as revolutions are likely to be, unreasoning, as revolutions often have been, but revolution, nevertheless, has raised its head within our borders.

Economic depression unparalleled in all history has laid its pall of gloom upon our land, bringing want and woe to millions of homes, taking from our people their inheritance from pioneer parents, dissipating the hard-won accumulations of their own toil and thrift. Fortunes and financial institutions once considered as impregnable as Gibraltar have passed from existence. Great names and great reputations have been ruined.

Rugged individualism, as once we knew it, is disappearing. Paternalism in government increases by leaps and bounds with the almost ecstatic approval of our people, once so proud and so jealous of their personal rights, and of their state and local governments. Gangsters and hoodlums and racketeers lay heavy toll upon the illegitimate activities of great cities, and, not content, reach out with greedy hands toward control of our most respected institutions, our legislatures and our courts.

Millions of men in desperation still pound the streets of the nation, looking in vain for honest work. Three hundred thousand jobless boys drift aimlessly from city to city, hitch-hiking and riding the rods, bumming food and shelter, lodging in squalid jails and box cars, in barns and haystacks, and in the jungles of hobo-land.

This is a fleeting glimpse of conditions that prevail in the democracy for which we offered our lives in 1917 and 1918. A gloomy picture? At some angles, yes. But at other angles highly colorful, intensely vital, interesting and challenging, always. An ever-changing picture, a picture to which we of The American Legion can and must contribute our color and art, that the gloom shall be erased, that we may spread upon the great canvas of time the vision of men who once were willing to die for this country, who are willing to die or to live for it again.

We of The American Legion are in the prime of life. We are equipped for the service the age demands. Composed of every race and class and creed in a composite America, we reach into

every church, club, union, and stratum of society. We have men of every thought and shade of political opinion in the political parties worthy of a name. Only in the Legion can we meet on the common ground of a great and profound war-time experience, only in the Legion can we fight the battles of peace with united front; none but the Legion is so well adapted to meet the sinister isms that confront and threaten America today.

We of the Legion will not be, we must not be, afraid of change. New ideals, new inventions, new deals, await us as the means of the fuller and finer life, as the fulfilment of the American Dream that dwelt in the minds of the founding fathers.

But we of the Legion know that in America we are greatly blessed. If we are not so prosperous as we would wish to be, yet our standard of living is incomparably high. If we have yielded some of our liberties to paternalism in government, we are yet kings in our own right.

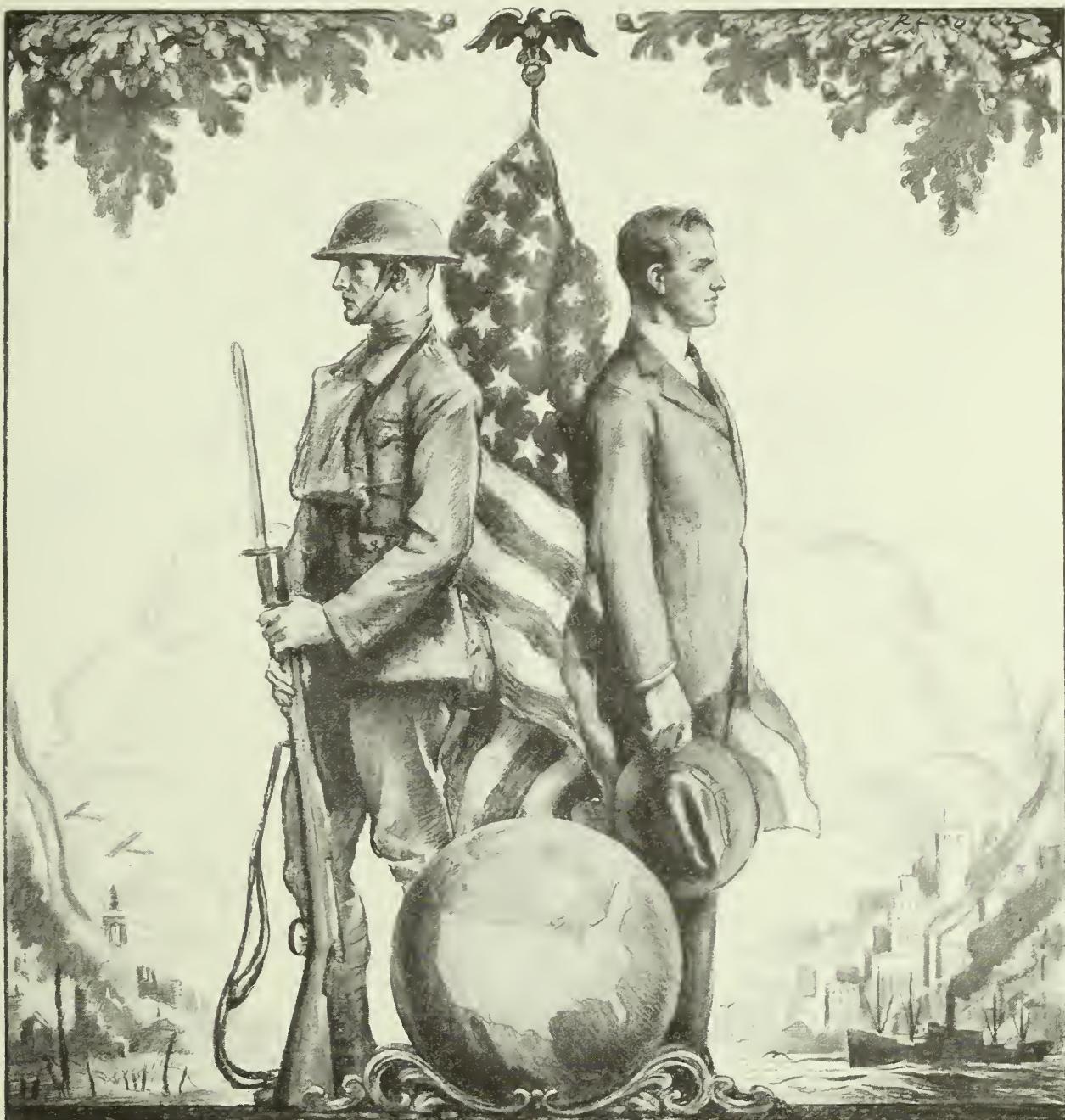
We have pledged ourselves to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States. We realize that our people who are the victims of enforced idleness through no fault of their own, who are suffering from the present economic paralysis, offer the best material for the malcontents and for every subversive influence that would break down and destroy that Constitution, and with its destruction remove every guarantee of the American people to the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

ARE we to meet the challenge with force? Only if we act under a duly constituted authority to meet opposing force. Are we to deny the right of free speech? No. We cannot be consistent with our Constitution and do that.

We must, of course, contribute as we may toward the economic recovery which, once accomplished, will remove all fertile ground upon which the seeds of discord have been strewn. We must contrive to do, as we have been doing, all that we may to bring the Constitution to the people, that it may be a living thing to them. We must continue our co-operation with the schools as the greatest contribution to the future welfare of America.

American schools and American education are not necessarily synonymous. We need in our schools teachers imbued with a sense of patriotic devotion, teachers with an active realization of the vast importance of that great bulwark of our liberties, the Constitution, teachers who are themselves informed upon it, and who will impart to their pupils a knowledge, love and reverence for it.

I do not preach a Tory gospel. The world changes, America with it. The Constitution has been amended and will be amended many times. Jefferson and John Marshall found it broad enough to make momentous decisions for the good of our people, when strict constructionists of narrow vision would have found technical objections which would have kept us a small nation on the Atlantic seaboard. We must never forget that the Constitution was created for the people, as we will not forget that within the elastic limits of that great charter, as written now or later



FOR GOD AND COUNTRY—NOW AS ALWAYS

Drawing by Ralph Boyer

amended, may be found the means to do all that is needed for the common good.

We need not fear amendments adopted in the constitutional way. When our Constitution was adopted Jefferson, then Minister to France, wrote home, urging not rejection but amendment; he was amazed, he said, "at the omission of a bill of rights providing clearly and without the aid of sophism for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction of monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and in trial by jury of all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land." He declared that "a bill of rights was what the people were entitled to against any form of government on earth, general or particular, and what no just government should refuse or rest on inference."

Jefferson's words were heeded, and at the assembly of the first Congress in 1789 ten amendments were proposed to the States, and they were quickly ratified. In these amendments are the guarantees that make a nation great and a people free—freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press; the right of

the people to bear arms and to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects; the right to presentment or indictment for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, and their security in life, liberty and property unless taken away by due process of law; their right to speedy and impartial trial by an impartial jury, assisted by counsel and confronted by witnesses; with excessive bail, excessive fines, and cruel and unusual punishment prohibited. "In these amendments are to be found those high and vital principles without which free government is impossible, and personal liberty is a mockery. They ring out on listening ears and stir the souls of men like strains of martial music."

No, we will not fear change that comes with the march of progress. But we will demand that change come about in an orderly way as provided by law, that the last protection of our people, their Constitution, shall not be swept away by disciples of anarchy dressed in new garb.

The Miami Convention adopted many important resolutions dealing with Americanism—Americanism, a word which may have many meanings, perhaps has (Continued on page 48)

BRINGING BACK *the WILD*

*by Donald
Stillman*



SEATED around a table in a mid-town office building in a large city the other evening was a gathering of men intently studying maps, blueprints and charts. Included in the group were a number of representatives of local sportsmen's clubs and associations, several newspaper men, the chairman of a county park commission, a deputy water commissioner, the angling editor of a national sportsmen's publication, a city water department engineer, and a famous fish culturist. The maps showed the lakes and streams on the city's watershed; the blueprints were of a new type trout-rearing tank; while the charts depicted matters such as capacities, areas, and other technical information concerning the waters under consideration.

The gathering was the first meeting of a special committee organized to improve angling conditions in the lakes and streams of the city's watershed, which embraces an area of almost 1,000 square miles and includes upwards of twenty reservoirs, varying from little ponds of thirty or fifty acres to great lakes with sixty to 100 miles of shoreline, and perhaps fifty miles of potential trout streams.

The committee has worked out a plan which, theoretically at least, should provide trout and bass fishing of the very finest in the city-owned lakes and streams. It estimates that should its program prove only ten percent successful it will have accomplished much. Its further program considers the possibilities of game sanctuaries and even public shooting grounds upon the city-owned lands surrounding the lakes and bordering the streams.

It is a marvelous thing when a big municipality is able to permit public angling in its reservoir waters. It also is a marvelous thing when a group such as this, representing varied interests, assembles for the entirely unselfish purpose of putting more fish and game in our waters and forests. And yet, all over the country, similar groups are meeting regularly. Some, like the special committee mentioned, are working on local problems pertaining to their own State. Some may even be just small groups of sportsmen interested in improving the fishing and hunting in their immediate neighborhood. Others, like the American Game Conference, to be held in New York City during January, draw an attendance from all over this country and Canada and are interested primarily in matters of national importance.

The last American Game Conference heard Thomas H. Beck, chairman of the President's special committee on wildlife restoration, outline a stupendous project for wildlife restoration through breeding, feeding and resting areas on the marginal lands to be retired from agriculture. This project is now under way

and should materially assist in repopulating the country with migratory wild fowl and other species. The Conference also unanimously endorsed the "duck stamp bill" whereby all hunters of migratory wild fowl would be taxed one dollar for a federal license to hunt ducks and geese. The bill now has become law and this winter every sportsman who shoots waterfowl is contributing his dollar toward the perpetuation of the species.

What does all this mean? It means primarily that the country as a whole has become "conservation conscious," that the sportsmen and those interested in the out-of-doors for its own sake want to leave to posterity some of the joys they have found in field and forest and on lake and stream.

Nor are the hunters and fresh-water anglers alone in their desire for better things. The latest development in the conservation field is the organization of an association, "The Salt Water Anglers of America," a "national association dedicated to the conservation of salt water fishes and the promotion of sportsman-like methods of angling."

Organized about a year ago, the Salt Water Anglers body already has done much to disprove the assertion that the average fisherman in coastal waters is not interested in conservation in connection with his sport. The association plans to affiliate and co-operate with existing clubs in all matters pertaining to the improvement of angling conditions on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, to establish uniform tackle regulations, to promote the conservation of fish by the encouragement of the use of light tackle, and by education and other means to elevate salt-water angling to a higher plane of sportsmanship.

OF COURSE, we cannot all engage in national conservation projects, nor even those pertaining to a thousand-square-mile watershed, but there is so much that can be done, even though only in a small way, by groups willing to work to improve conditions in their own locality. Let me depict the operations of an up-to-date sportsmen's association with which I happen to be familiar. This is a wide-awake progressive lot of men who believe in getting things done, but I would not call them exceptional and there are hundreds of similar associations, some of them with a high percentage of Legionnaires in their membership, scattered all over the country.

This association is interested principally in maintaining and improving its lake and stream fishing and upland hunting. It operates in a number of counties in one of the most heavily fished and hunted regions in America. It is keenly interested in the

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN ARE STOCKING WOODS AND STREAMS TO BRING BACK IN SOME MEASURE THE CONDITIONS WITH WHICH OUR FATHERS WERE FAMILIAR

right kind of conservation legislation and has been largely instrumental in getting through some of the best laws now in effect in that State. Its restocking activities cover the planting of brook, brown and rainbow trout, small and large mouth black bass and lesser species such as white and yellow perch; and ringneck pheasants, quail, ruffed grouse and cottontail rabbits.

Very few of the streams in the territory covered by this association are in a natural condition and while they are perfectly capable of sustaining trout life, breeding conditions are far from ideal and natural propagation is virtually at a standstill. Also, due to numbers of big trout and other predatory fish in the streams, the planting of small trout has produced negligible results. For these reasons the association has adopted the policy of planting over-legal-size trout almost exclusively.

It so happens that in the State where the association operates, the conservation department rears comparatively few adult trout, but does produce millions of fingerling trout of all three species. Due to lack of facilities and funds, the department is able to retain but a small percentage of its annual hatch over the winter and the fingerlings are distributed late in the fall. The results from the plants of these fingerlings have been negligible in many waters.

The association has been able to obtain annually from the conservation department about 7,000 to 8,000 over-legal-size trout, and these have been planted in waters best suited to the different species. But these plants have not been enough. The association is interested in stocking forty or fifty miles of streams and 7,000 trout distributed over this area have not been enough to supply even reasonably good fishing for the thousands of anglers who fish the streams. It has been the association's dream to plant the streams annually at the rate of from 500 to 1,000 fish to the mile. This year the association put

through a project which should enable it to realize its ambition. Working in conjunction with the county park department, it has had constructed on county park lands three large rearing pools, each with a capacity of about 10,000 adult fish. These pools have been scientifically constructed, each pool receiving an individual flow from a stream of sufficient capacity, and each pool may be drained separately for cleaning or for seining the fish.



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Nearly everybody likes to fish, but the opportunities to engage in this fascinating sport have been diminishing yearly

As the State is in a position to supply the association all the fingerling trout it wishes, it is hoped it will be possible to stock each pool with about 15,000 (Continued on page 58)

LINCOLN— Patron of Military Aviation

by

Horace Sawyer Mazet

IN MAY of '61 the Rebellion was of course the chief topic of conversation. Intense feeling was aroused by the slightest display of loyalty to either the North or the South; flags in most of the borderline States were conspicuous by their absence, and men guarded their speech. The general feeling was one of conviction that a tremendous struggle impended. In such an atmosphere of tenseness and suspicion, all who could not state their business were immediately considered hostile.

During the previous month, while conducting a scientific experiment to establish the existence of a constant air current flowing at a height from west to east, Professor Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, distinguished civilian aeronaut, ascended in the false dawn at Cincinnati, Ohio, with his imperfect instruments safely within the wicker basket of one of his smaller balloons, and traveled speedily until he reached Pea Ridge, South Carolina. Here the voyager thought it prudent to descend, but soon wished he had not. For the poor whites and ignorant black slaves at first thought him a visitation from some infernal heaven ready to wreak destruction upon them. This idea dispelled by the Professor's quite human appetite and speech, the natives then decided he was a spy, and it required the most adroit diplomacy and timely testimonials from local newspapermen and some of the faculty of South Carolina College to convince the rabid secessionists that Lowe was not a Yankee soldier.

Even the wiser heads among the Carolinians, however, found it a bit difficult to believe that the balloon had traveled from Cincinnati in a brief nine hours. The intrepid adventurer, not without misgivings, produced copies of the Cincinnati *Commercial* printed immediately prior to the take-off, and these convinced the skeptics. Professor Lowe had hidden them under the folds of the deflated balloon, for the *Commercial* was considered in the South an abolition paper, and the penalty in South Carolina for distributing abolition documents was death.

Perhaps it was this experience, perhaps it was merely a natural patriotism welling up within the Philadelphian, that induced Professor Lowe to offer his services to the Government. He hastened to Washington, only to find that several other aeronauts were already on the scene. Professor Lowe then called upon Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, armed with a letter from Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who, meanwhile, had got the ear of the Secretary of War.

On June 11, 1861, Professors Lowe and Henry called upon the President, Abraham Lincoln, at the request of Secretary Chase.

The President carefully went over Lowe's plans and said he was deeply impressed with the military possibilities of balloons. He promised to give them earnest consideration.

Professor Lowe shortly thereafter began demonstrating the science of levitation at his own expense, to convince Professor Henry and others as to the practical value of balloon observation. The balloon ascended from the Smithsonian grounds, from the grounds of the White House and from the environs of Washington, resulting in a completely favorable report from the Institution.

During the experiments, the airman took up a wire to show the President that, when at a high altitude and overlooking the enemy, he could telegraph to headquarters invaluable information. This was accomplished on June 18, 1861, for the first time in history:

Balloon "Enterprise"
In the air.
June 18, 1861.

To His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

Dear Sir:

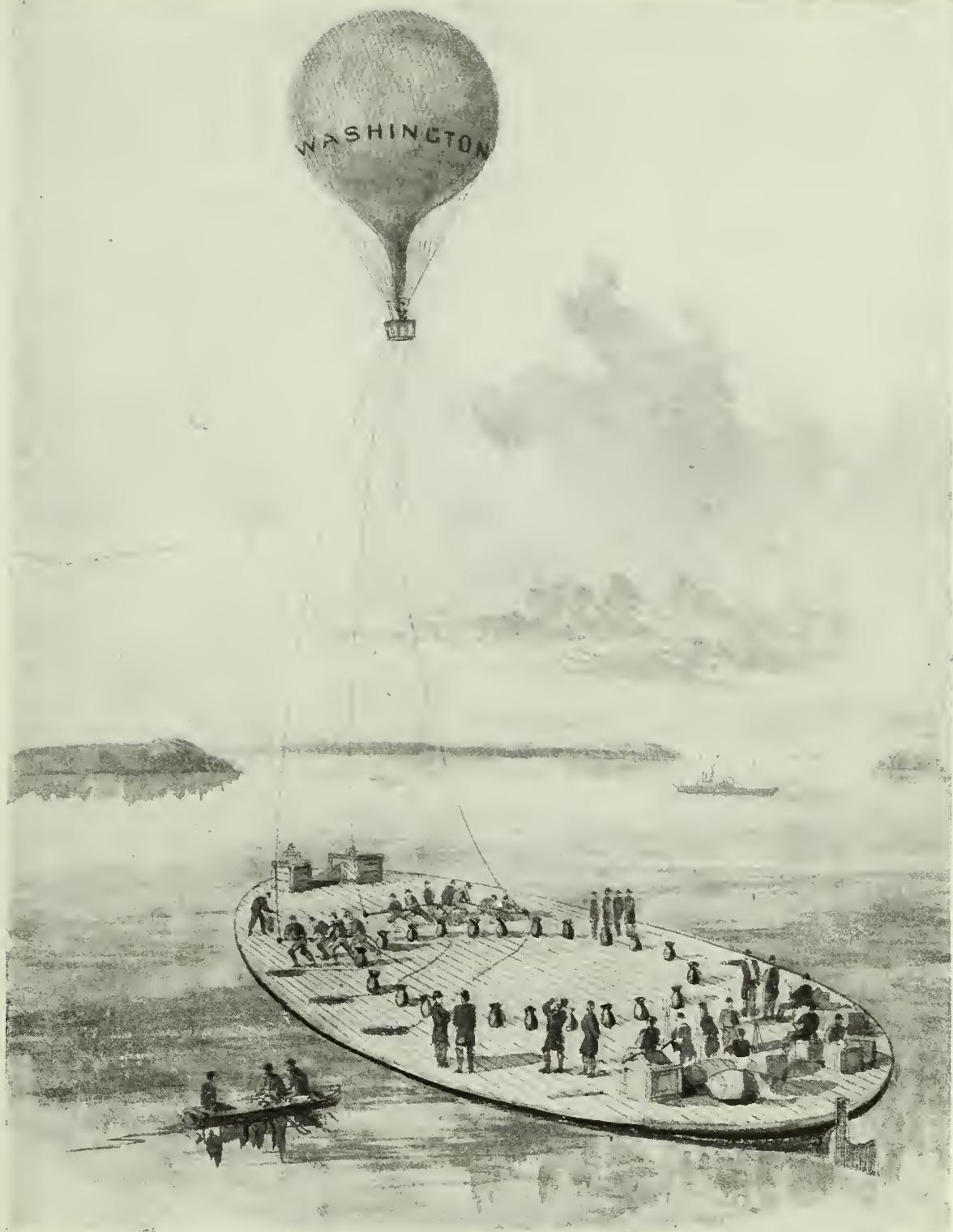
From this point of observation we command an extent of country nearly fifty miles in diameter. I have the pleasure of sending you this first telegram ever dispatched from an aerial station, and acknowledging indebtedness to your encouragement for the opportunity of demonstrating the

Will Lieut. Genl. Scott.
Please see Prof. Lowe,
over now about
his balloon?
July 28, 1861, A. Lincoln

So the General saw the Professor, and military aviation got its start in the United States

availability of the science of aeronautics in the service of the country, I am, your excellency's obedient servant,

T. S. C. Lowe



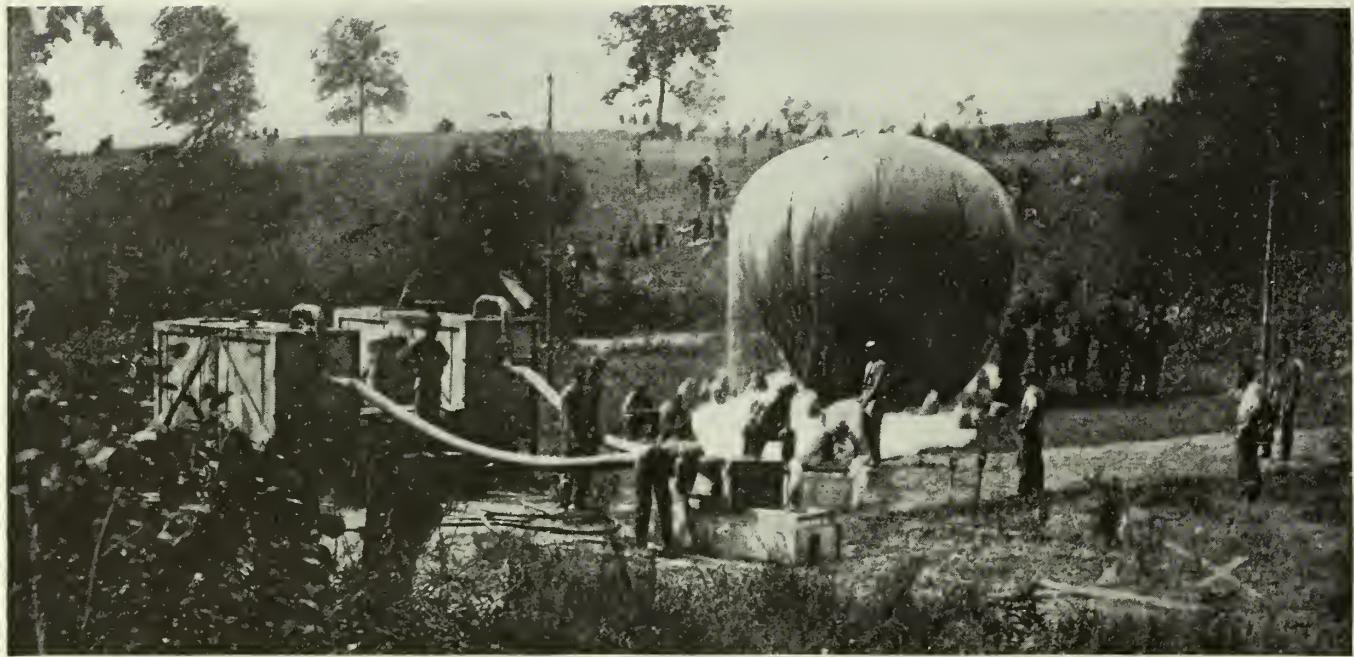
The Washington, moored to a large raft in the Potomac in an experiment to determine the feasibility of balloon observation over the water. From a contemporary drawing

Upon receipt of this message, President Lincoln sent for the balloonist and insisted that he spend the night in the White House, where they could thoroughly discuss the important question of establishing an aeronautic corps. The President was intensely interested in the outline of the proposed corps and after the departure of his secretaries and assistants, discussed at length the possibilities of the service and details of operation. He was especially interested in the plan for directing the fire of artillery on an enemy that the gunners themselves could not see.

After breakfast the following morning, the President gave

Professor Lowe a letter of introduction to Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, stating the object of the visit and that the plans proposed had the President's endorsement.

With considerable difficulty, for General Scott was then an old man and devoted to the obsolescent methods of conducting warfare, Professor Lowe was able to obtain orders for the physical equipment essential to the organization of the first unit of his command. In fact, it required a visit by Lowe and President Lincoln in person to wrench the necessary documents from the infantry chief for the establishment of the Aeronautic Corps of the Army.



Professor Lowe's balloon *Intrepid* being inflated for reconnaissance at the Battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia, in 1862, where its accurate observation saved the Union forces, on the testimony of Brigadier General A. W. Greely, at that time head of the Army's Signal Service

Action came swiftly. It was rumored that the enemy was marching in force on Washington. Captain Whipple of the Topographical Engineers required Professor Lowe to fill his balloon and transport it into the interior of Virginia, and at Fort Corcoran on July 24th, the first observation flight was made, starting at 5:30 A. M. The Professor, at an altitude of three and one-half miles, obtained a distinct view of the encampments of the enemy and observed troop movements between Manassas Junction and Fairfax, Virginia. The publication of this observation mitigated fears felt for the immediate safety of the Capital, and restored confidence, at the same time demonstrating the value of military balloons in the field.

On this voyage the aeronaut sailed directly over the country occupied by the enemy, for the lower currents were blowing toward the west. After reconnaissance, Lowe rose to the upper current and commenced moving back toward the east. Over the Potomac he started to descend, planning to land near Arlington House. But when the balloon was within a mile of the earth, Federal troops commenced firing at it, believing it to be of Confederate sympathies. Dauntless Lowe descended lower, until he could hear the whistling of bullets and shouts of the soldiers to "show your colors." This contretemps was complicated by the fact that the craft carried no colors, and if the descent were further prolonged, bag and baggage both would soon be effectively riddled, so the airman was forced to sail on and to risk coming down outside friendly lines. Which is what happened.

During the entire proceedings, Mrs. Lowe watched with keen interest and not a little trepidation. When the balloon landed on Mason's plantation, five and a half miles from Alexandria, she was much distressed. However, being of stout heart, she set out to assist him. The 31st New York Volunteers offered help, and scouts were sent out to locate the Professor, which they succeeded in doing. After nightfall, Mrs. Lowe, disguised as a farm woman, led a horse and covered wagon

through the woods to the place where the balloon and its pilot lay. Together they stowed the craft under cover, the Professor climbed in, and Mrs. Lowe led the horse out of the woods as nonchalantly as she had entered. As she reached the roadway, she clearly discerned the outlines of several figures watching her, but fortunately the descent of the balloon had been hidden from the eyes of the enemy's pickets by the trees, and Mrs. Lowe was not accosted. Shortly, she reached the Union lines safely with her vehicle and cargo.

August was almost wholly occupied by the construction of the first substantial war balloon ever built. This was authorized by Major Hartman Bache, Chief of the Corps of Topographical Engineers. It contained 25,000 cubic feet of gas, which, being available only in the city of Washington, restricted the mobility of the ground balloon camp. The lack of portable inflation ap-



A remarkably fine photograph of Professor Lowe taken at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, Virginia, in June, 1863, prior to one of his balloon ascensions

paratus was a serious handicap, and one which Professor Lowe strove to overcome with the means at his disposal.

On August 30th, at 3 A. M., Lowe ascended in the new craft from Fort Corcoran and discovered the enemy for the first time building earth works on Munson's Hill and Clark's Hill. In the afternoon he moved the balloon to Ball's Cross Roads and there took several observations, during which the enemy opened fire with their batteries on the balloon, several shots of which barrage passed by and struck the ground beyond. Those shots were the nearest to the United States Capitol fired during the war.

From this time on, the balloon was kept constantly in the air, and daily reports made to the commanding officers. Confidence in this new means of observation soon began to spread. Up to the 27th of September many alarms were sounded, and the troops called out in line of battle, but in every instance after the balloon had been sent up, the troops were recalled without risk of being surprised.

In sharp contrast to the lack of interest and the hesitant delay

under command of the above generals, and for the first time, on September 24th, directed the fire of a battery at an object the gunners themselves could not see. How successful this fire direction was did not become known to the Union forces until later, when it was acknowledged that the Confederate President, Jeff Davis, General Lee and division commanders, hidden from ground troops by timber, were subjected to such a terrific fire from Federal batteries that they were forced to beat a quick retreat. The third or fourth shell of the battery burst in the midst of this group, killing several horses and wounding one or two men.

Up until the 12th of October, Professor Lowe was occupied by the construction of four additional balloons and gas generators; then followed an abortive night sally with a straining balloon in a gale of wind and heavy rain resulting only in the free flight of the unoccupied craft for a hundred miles after which it was recovered with the loss of but a few weak cords.

General McClellan wished observations taken along the banks



News from aloft at Fair Oaks—a telegrapher sending Professor Lowe's message describing the disposition of the enemy, while a draftsman sketches the lines of battle

of officers at headquarters, was the immediate and deep interest of the generals in the field. General Fitz-John Porter especially was quick to foresee the benefits to be obtained from aerial observation, and shortly recommended the expansion of the Aeronautic Corps by two balloons and movable inflating apparatus. Generals McDowell and Martingale also made ascensions. On September 7th, General McClellan made a trip aloft and was much impressed with the possibilities of aerial observations, according to Professor Lowe.

Yet, when on a subsequent occasion General Porter, at Yorktown, made an ascension in a captive balloon, and the rope broke, precipitating the venturing officer to the ground almost within the enemy's lines, McClellan wrote, "You may rest assured of one thing: You won't catch me up in the confounded balloon, nor will I allow any other generals to go up in it . . ." Of their value to him in operations, however, General McClellan speaks highly in his memoirs.

Lowe made observations both day and night for the troops

of the Potomac. No better way suggested itself than by balloon, moored to a float, and thus was launched the first aeronautic expedition by water in history.

A broad deck had been erected on the hull of the steamer *George Washington Parke Custis* which used to ply the Potomac between Washington and Mt. Vernon. Gas-generating supplies were huddled on the stern and the manufacturing apparatus was located on the bow. When at rest, the aircraft was anchored on the center of the deck. Accompanying the "aircraft carrier" was the U. S. Steam Tug *Cocur de Lion*.

Complete success crowned the efforts of the first balloon expedition by water ever attempted. The flotilla left the Washington Navy Yard early Sunday morning, November 10, 1861, and proceeded to the mouth of the Mattawoman Creek across from the Virginia shore. On the 11th, Lowe, accompanied in his ascensions by General Sickles and others, obtained fine views of the enemy's campfires during the evening, and noted the enemy constructing batteries at Freestone Point. (Continued on page 44)

1,250,000 MEMBERS ?
It's IN THE CARDS,
Says the Man Who Knows

IN 1931 The American Legion rose to a mountain top of membership, enrolling 1,053,909. This year it will try to ascend a new and higher peak. It expects to make its membership 1,250,000 before the next National Convention is held in St. Louis, September 23d to 26th. National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., who gave his own Department of California the highest membership it had ever known in his year as Department Commander, set this mark because he is sure that the Legion is going to do things in 1935 which will bring full ranks.

Commander Belgrano is a business man accustomed to analyzing all the factors of any problem facing him, reaching bold decisions and carrying through in spite of obstacles. His fellow Californians found that when he led the way, they arrived at the destination. They're sure he is going to bring to the Legion the largest membership it has ever known. Sure also are the Commanders and Adjutants and Executive Committeemen of all the States who heard Commander Belgrano announce in November his decision to get 1,250,000 in 1935.

Charles H. Carey Po
this membership wh
of its clubhouse, to 1
paid up for the new y
of 87, it enrolled 107
It's out to beat its

National Headquarters earlier reckoned, figuring that unfavorable conditions of the past might last, that 909,970 should be the national quota for 1935. The Headquarters folks set that figure before Commander Belgrano was elected. They were thinking too much of precedents, perhaps, and too much of the hobbling forces which blasted hopes in earlier years. Belgrano supplied a brand new set of reasons and arguments. He saw 1935 as a year unfettered by past handicaps, as a brand new problem, as a great opportunity. Best of all he made everybody else see what he himself saw. Headquarters adjusted its sights, rushed up stronger ammunition, broadcast the call to battle.

Harold L. (Pep) Plummer, Assistant National Adjutant in



Charles H. Carey Post of Salem, Ohio, used this membership wheel, mounted in front of its clubhouse, to list all members as they paid up for the new year. With a 1934 quota of 87, it enrolled 107 before Armistice Day. It's out to beat its own record this year.

giving Day may be expected to get the other three-fourths speedily.

There were many good features in that roll-call. Department Commander W. E. Whitlock announced that Florida already had 8,001 members. Its 1935 quota is 9,003. It signed up early for this year exactly 5,485 more men than it had enrolled early for the year before.

Indiana, too, gave some good news—an increase of 4,133 over last year's report. Wisconsin gained 3,600. Illinois was first in point of numbers with 26,601, but California with fewer eligibles had 21,702. Incidentally, National Commander Belgrano is now promised 75,000 members from his own State. Department Commander Archie Clossen is sure California will make it.

Twelve Departments had enroled on November 20th more than 50 percent of the members assigned under the early quota of 999,970. In addition to Florida they were: Mississippi, 7,003;

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



Louisiana, 7,275; North Dakota, 5,476; Wisconsin, 19,000; Arkansas, 6,610; Minnesota, 14,651; Nevada, 900; Maryland, 3,000; Maine, 3,625; North Carolina, 7,708, and Idaho, 2,240.

February, like January, is to see a great membership offensive throughout the Legion. Each Department plans its own campaign and uses methods best suited to its own problems. As it presses forward, it ties its own campaign with the national campaign, and keeps its eyes on what its traditional rivals are doing. This year as always New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania will fight for top place. New York had 73,000 last year; Illinois, 68,523; Pennsylvania, 67,330. There's a wonderful three-cornered 1935 battle in the making. It will be ultra-dramatic if California comes shooting up as expected to contest for first place with these three Eastern States. There are all sorts of other races in progress as the result of challenges hurled and accepted by Department Commanders at the November conference.

About the first of March the Legion will have a great national membership radio broadcast. Information on this will be given in advance to all posts, and you may look for big gains everywhere about this time. Then on the first Sunday in May will be held the Third Annual Aerial Round-Up. Each Department will send to Indianapolis by airplane, at the time of the National Executive Committee meeting, bales of membership cards. The National Executive Committee will get the reports of total memberships attained in each State. The leaders and the tail-enders will have a chance to stand up and be counted. Some of the bets made at the November meeting will be decided at that time. Others will be decided later. Pep Plummer is pretty

sure that that round-up on May 1st will find the Legion over the first quota of 900,970, and definitely on the way to 1,250,000.

By this time the posts back home probably know of the membership bets of their own Departments. Commander Claude L. Smith of West Virginia bet Commander R. L. Insko of Virginia—a ton of West Virginia coal against a ton of Virginia peanuts—that West Virginia will have the greater percentage of members on Washington's Birthday. The bet is to be paid at the St. Louis National Convention. Department Commander Sibley of Vermont bet Department Commander Bottolfsen of Idaho—two gallons of Vermont maple syrup against a sack of Idaho potatoes. Arkansas bet a razor-back hog against a Louisiana kingfish. Oklahoma and Arkansas bet also, the Department Commander of the losing State to sacrifice his shirt-tail. New York is betting California, Illinois and Pennsylvania. Georgia is betting everybody. Arizona has taken on Montana and Michigan; California has additional opponents in Massachusetts and Ohio; the District of Columbia is matching Delaware; Idaho is lined up against Utah; Illinois has widened her bets to include Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin; Indiana is out to get Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Texas and Louisiana; Maine takes on Colorado; Minnesota has Iowa, Wisconsin and Alabama; Missouri is up against Kansas; Florida challenged North Dakota; Oklahoma thinks it can beat both Missouri and Kansas; Tennessee has challenged all Southern Departments; and it is Virginia against Arkansas, Washington against Oregon and Wisconsin against Minnesota.

So it is State against State, and one State against many States, all through the country. Likewise, in each Department there are



Here is the American Legion team which set a new world's record in the Fidac match fired at Camp Perry last August by scoring 1,965 points out of a possible 2,000



Seventy Chevrolets from Chicago, seen in the Miami convention parade after traveling 1,000 miles as a motorcade to serve as official cars for all the States

contests of district against district, county against county, town against town. And Old Doctor Plummer, the membership specialist at National Headquarters, smiles as requests come in for bales of membership application forms, for cards outlining the Legion's program, for other literature which can be used in making new Legionnaires. Growing medicine, he calls it all.

In Pep Plummer's office is a blackboard that covers most of one wall. It lists in alphabetical order all the States, shows each State's membership by years since 1919 and its current membership at the end of each new week. It also shows 1935 quotas and the ratio of current membership to quota. Next May when the Aerial Round-Up is held and the National Executive Committee meets, they'll make a photograph of that blackboard. Copies of the photograph will be given to each State. The photograph will show in black and white the Departments which are leading the way in 1935, the tail-enders and the in-betweens.

There is no soothsayer or prophet at National Headquarters, and they don't base plans or expectations by the revelations of the stars or planets. They study the blackboard and read the mail. They make their calculations like the actuaries of the life-insurance companies and the sharps who before each election figure out how many votes will be cast for Candidate Whoozis in the State of Minnevania and whether Massatucky will go wet or dry. The blackboard is the composite pulse chart of all the States. It reveals membership anemia in its earliest stages. It reflects complications like politicalitis, sleeping sickness and enrolment amnesia.

Meanwhile the membership cards keep flowing to Department Headquarters and to National Headquarters.



By next September that card of your own, four and one-half inches long, should have a million and a quarter counterparts. They would make a line eighty-nine miles long if laid end to end. The 1,250,000 Legionnaires represented by

those cards, in single file, a yard for each man, would extend from New York to Chicago—711 miles. Seven—come eleven! If all the States shoot the works, it will come true.

How Des Moines Got There

SPEAKING of national convention pilgrimages, there is the trip which the ninety-one boys of the national championship Des Moines (Iowa) Junior American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps made to Miami and back by automobile. All but three of the boys traveled in a fleet of thirty-three automobiles, four to a car, and with drivers, parents and friends who accompanied them, the party numbered 159. A truck carried cots and bedding. The expenses were covered by the payment of \$15 by the parents of each boy, supplemented by a contribution from the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce and sums which the boys had earned by their activities. Free billets were supplied by the cities in which the corps stayed.



The big moment of the junior drum corps from Des Moines was also one of the biggest moments of the Miami convention parade crowd

Geography? They learned more about this country of theirs than any schoolbook would ever tell them. And in the 3,500 miles they covered, they observed peoples and customs, had interesting experiences aplenty.

They drove back home loaded with coconuts and baby alligators, proud of the trophy they won at Atlanta, proud also of their second trophy which went with first place in the Forty and Eight parade, happy in the memory of the great applause they got.

Where Shall Women's Hospitals Be Built?

WATSON B. MILLER, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, invites women veterans of the World War and Spanish-American War to express in letters to him their preferences regarding the location of new Veterans Administration hospitals for the special care of women. The Government will probably build several domiciliary buildings for women veterans. One is expected to be on the

This Calls for a Letter from Every Woman Veteran

West Coast, another in the Middle West, and a third possibly in the extreme Southeast on account of the mild winter climate and other considerations.

Considerable uncertainty exists as to the best location for the facility which would serve women living in the section of the country roughly defined as east of Ohio and north of the District of Columbia. It is believed a great many women veterans live in this section. Chairman Miller would like particularly to know the sentiments of women in this section, but would also like to have women veterans in all parts of the United States send him their names and addresses. He may not be able to give an individual reply to each letter sent in answer to this appeal, but the composite response from the women will be extremely helpful in the effort he is making.

The women's domiciliary facilities will be buildings containing single bedrooms and providing all the usual hospital facilities. Many women veterans apparently do not know that the Government has provided special care for them. Regulations provide that if federal institutions are not reasonably available for their hospitalization, contracts may be made at the expense of the Government with some private or other hospital near the woman veteran's home. This is a privilege not open to men veterans having non-service disabilities.

Mr. Miller may be addressed at 1608 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C., the office of the National Rehabilitation Committee.

Education of Children

THE Education of War Orphans Committee of The American Legion will not limit its work to providing educational assistance for children of service men who died in the war or before July 2, 1921, from service causes, but is undertaking a program intended to help also children of disabled men and veterans generally. The new program, directed by the Miami National Convention, was outlined at the November conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants by Judge Richard Hartshorne of New Jersey, a member of the committee. He cited the convention's resolution assigning to the committee "the further duty of aiding the needy and ambitious children of all classes of veterans, in obtaining higher education, including business and

vocational courses." This, of course, is a very broad mandate.

Judge Hartshorne pointed out that while true war orphans now number fewer than 11,000 and all of them within a few years will have passed beyond the age limit for educational aid, the total number of children of veterans is now estimated to be 4,939,838. Of these, 20,718 are children whose fathers have died since the war as a result of war service. The children of other deceased veterans are believed to number 193,467, while totally and permanently disabled veterans are estimated to be fathers of 46,851 boys and girls, and the total for other disabled veterans is 158,892 children. It is estimated that children of living veterans other than the disabled number 4,500,000.

The committee's first new duty, Judge Hartshorne said, is to the children of men who have died since the war as a result of war service, and to the children of disabled men. While State finances make it inadvisable to request free State tuition for them, as is now accorded in most States to the true war orphans, efforts can be made to open to them scholarships in West Point and Annapolis, the payment of federal compensation until the age of 21 and special

concessions by various institutions.

The only assistance the committee can hope to extend to children of living and non-disabled veterans under present conditions, Judge Hartshorne indicated, is in suggesting appropriate lines of vocational training and establishing necessary contacts between the children and appropriate educational institutions. No definite steps to these ends can be taken immediately, but the committee is endeavoring to devise workable plans for the future.

November Tragedy

IN A drizzling November rain, three coffins covered with white doeskin and draped with wreaths of white chrysanthemums rested upon three open graves. About the graves stood a wide circle of raincoated Legionnaires in their blue and gold Legion caps, a score of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts in uniform, other citizens sheltered under umbrellas. A Catholic (Continued on page 69)

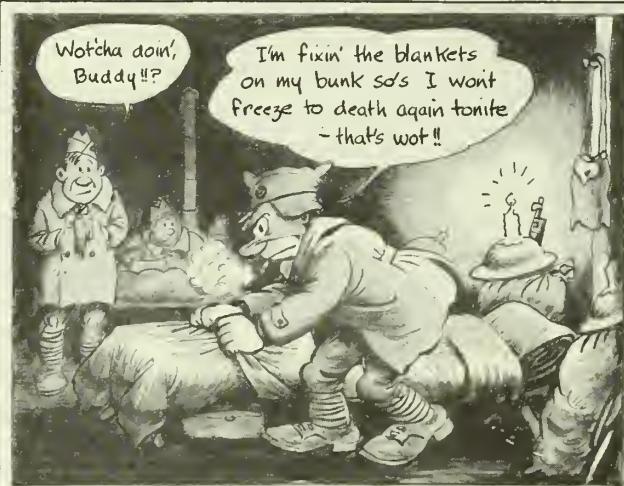


Carlisle (Pennsylvania) Post performs a sad community duty by providing funerals and burials for the victims of a mountain tragedy, a father and his three little daughters from California

BACK IN '18—'18 ABOVE

Could You Take It Now As You Took It Then?

By Wallgren



REMEMBER THAT DRAUGHTY OLD BARN, OR CONVENT, YOU WERE BILLETED IN DURING THAT COLD WINTER IN FRANCE BACK IN '18? YOU WERE ALLOWED A FIRE -



- IN THE OLD SIBLEY STOVE FOR ONE HOUR, AFTER CHOW, EACH NITE - WHICH DIDN'T HELP MUCH - YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN SLEEPING OUTDOORS - IN THE COLD.



WELL, AFTER YOU HAD SPENT "HOURS" FIXING UP YOUR BUNK, DOUBLING AND REDOUBLING YOUR BLANKETS, SO THAT YOU MIGHT SLEEP AS WARMLY AS POSSIBLE —



*AND THEN INCHED YOUR WAY CAUTIOUSLY DOWN BETWEEN THE TIGHT DRAWN COVERS - SO CAREFULLY - FOR FEAR OF DISARRANGING THE INTRICATE FOLDS AND TUCKED-IN SIDES.



FINALLY YOU FOUND YOURSELF WRAPPED UP AS SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG IN YOUR IMPROVISED, BUT HIGHLY PRACTICAL, SLEEPING BAG—AND ALL SET FOR A GOOD NIGHTS "COUCHEZ."



-AND JUST WHEN YOU'D GONE SLEEPY BYE-BYE TO HAVE THE
TOP SARGENT COME AROUND AND ROUTE YOU OUT OF YOUR
LITTLE HEAVEN-MY!! WOULDN'T YOU LOVE THAT TODAY!!?

Bursts and Duds



Conducted by Dan Sowers



AT the November meeting of the National Americanism Commission, Nebraska's C. C. Frazier related that in Chicago recently, while buying a Sunday edition from a small newsboy who was loaded down with papers, he asked the youngster:

"Don't all of those papers make you tired, young man?"

"No, sirree," replied the boy. "I never read 'em."

COMMODORE William Hicks sends us the one about two boys who were discussing their fathers' skill at games of chance. "Yes," one of them admitted, "your dad is good at poker, but why does he always lose on the horse races?"

"Well, you see," replied the other boy, "dad never gets to shuffle the horses."

HESTER had been in a railroad accident. The lawyer had just called. "What you-all want?" she asked.

"I've come," said the lawyer, "to assist you in getting damages."

"Damages, my foot!" shouted Hester. "I done got all the damages I wants—what I craves is repairs."

AN intoxicated man had just been firmly but quietly ushered out of a refreshment wigwam. He wabbled uncertainly across the street to the edge of a small lake. Swaying back and forth, he looked intently down into the water, until an officer came up and demanded to know what he was doing.

"Jush lookin' a' shumpin' in 'e lake, osshifer, 'ats all," he replied.

"Well, just what are you looking at?"

"I dunno; what is't, osshifer? Pleash tell me."

The officer looked at the lake and said: "It's the moon, you fool!"

For a while the stricken one was silent in perplexed and serious meditation. Finally he said:

"Thash funny. If tha's moon down there, what'n th' hellam I doin' up here?"



COMRADE George Six, of Cincinnati, hands in one about an old man who kept a second-hand clothing store. He could not write, and marked his price tags by making pencil dots on them, each dot representing one dollar. One day he attached a tag to a suit of clothes and put three dots on the tag. While he was out of the store the next day his clerk sold the suit.

When he came back he missed the suit from the rack and asked:

"Bennie, where is dot zoot of clothes?"

"I sold it, sir."

"Good boy, and for it how much did you get?"

"Nine dollars."

"Nine dollars! Dot is unpossible!" exclaimed the merchant. "Kwick, lemme see dot tag mit der price!"

The clerk found the tag and handed it to the old man, who gazed at it for several moments, and then raising his eyes upward, exclaimed:

"Gott bless dot leetle fly!"

A COLORADO book-store proprietor sent an order to a Chicago agency requesting six copies of "Seekers after God" by Farrar. Within the week he received this answer:

"No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. You might try Philadelphia."



AND now comes Legionnaire Frank Estabrook, of Idaho, telling about a couple who, after fifty years spent in the country, sold their farm and moved to the city. They bought a house fitted with all modern conveniences and settled down to enjoy a life of leisure and comfort. But the move to the city could not immediately destroy the lifelong habit of early awakening. The first morning in their new home the wife awoke before sunrise and said:

"Paul, isn't it about time you were up to light the fires?"

"I reckon not," replied the husband. "I calculate or calling the fire department. We might as well get used to these high-falutin' city ways right now."

THE good housewife was out looking for bargains. At one meat shop she read a sign announcing that pork chops were selling at ten cents a pound. She went in to make a purchase, but the clerk told her they were just out. She went up the street to the next meat market and inquired the price of pork chops.

"Twenty cents a pound," replied the clerk.

"The price is outrageous," complained the woman. "They charge only ten cents a pound for pork chops at the market down the street."

"Well," said the clerk, "why don't you buy them there?"

"They are out."

"Oh," said the clerk, "when we're out we give 'em away."



AND out in Missouri they tell about a customer coming into the general store at the cross-roads and buying a couple of nightshirts. When he had completed

his purchase and left the store, a long, lanky lumberman asked the merchant:

"What was them things that feller got?"

"Night shirts," replied the merchant. "How about selling you some?"

"Not me. I don't set around much at night."

REV. E. Lester Stanton, of Plano, Illinois, was attending a banquet recently, and next to him was seated a member of the Auxiliary. She became interested in his Victory Medal. "What does it mean?" she asked.

He tried to explain, and the next question was: "What are the bars for?"

"They represent the major offensives in which I took part," he explained.

The lady counted, and then exclaimed:

"Ah, there are nine! You *must* have been offensive!"

DEPARTMENT Adjutant Bob Mowrow, of Mississippi, tells of a rackete crowd leaving a party late one night. They stopped in the street for rather long and weighty conference. Finally one of the number went into a yard, up the porch steps of the residence, and knocked on the door. His pounding was answered by a woman in none too pleasant a frame of mind.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Does Mr. Blank live here?" the man inquired.

"Yes."

"Are you Mrs. Blank?"

"Yes, I am, but what do you want?"

"Only, lovely lady, that you pleash come out here an' pick out Mr. Blank—the resh of us want to go home."



AN old colored preacher over in Virginia was noted for his use of six-cylinder words, many of which he did not always understand himself. He startled his congregation one morning with this announcement:

"Brethern an' sistern, pay me strick mind, foh I'm erbout to 'nounce. Next Sunday—dat is one week from dis day—dar will be a mos' importunate celebration in dis congregation. An' I wants all of you to be on han' to witness de holy doin's, foh I's gwine ter baptize nine adults and sixteen adultresses."



Knocking-down games replaced setting-up exercises during drill periods of the Medical Detachment, 112th Infantry, in Camp Hancock, Georgia

Ride 'Em DOUGHBOY

WHO doesn't recall those strenuous days in training camps with their two or three or four mile hike to the drill fields, the forty-five-minute drill periods, the fifteen-minute rest—usually devoted to lectures on military courtesy, personal hygiene or what not—the field maneuvers, the digging of trenches in which problems later were held, and the days spent on rifle ranges? And then, too, the enforced games during those times when a slightly-new but already wornout soldier wanted to rest his weary bones?

Well, here's a story of what one gang of medics did with its spare time—we even show a picture—and after reading it, we changed the usual opinion of an infantryman that the medics were a lazy bunch who didn't exert themselves any more than necessary. But suppose we let Service Officer John W. Porr of Steelton (Pennsylvania) Post, who sent us the snapshot, tell his own story:

"Lately we moved and in discarding some of the usual accumulations, I ran across the enclosed snapshot taken by myself in Camp Hancock, Georgia, during the war. A number of times in the Monthly I have read of the activities in home camps, other than squads right and left, so I am sending this along to show how men of my outfit amused themselves at times. The outfit was the Medical Detachment, 112th Infantry, 28th Division.

"Since we knew nothing of squads right and left, but only the pill rollers' column of fours and litter drills, the customary routine was setting-up exercises, a little drill and then a hike into the



country. When the Top became tired, we fell out at a shady spot and were given some information on first aid. "It was after one of these 'study periods,' when we found we had considerable time until chow, that someone struck upon the idea of playing this game, which I have always known as 'Buck, Buck, how many fingers up?' "Two fellows picked sides and these leaders matched to see which side was 'down' first. On the 'down' side one man stood erect, each of the other men bent over with his head between and his arms around the legs of the man ahead of him. The other side would then run, one at a time, and by placing their hands on the rump of the last 'down' man would leapfrog as far forward as possible. None of the running side was allowed to creep forward, move around to better his position or allow any part of his body to touch the ground. If such happened, the side lost and was compelled to change with the opponents. Any player was allowed, though, to hold up parts of another player's anatomy which might touch the ground and lose for them.

"After all the runners were aboard, the last man on would hold one hand behind his back in view of the referee with one or more fingers out. The man down next to the post position would guess how many fingers were shown. If he guessed correctly the sides changed positions. If not, the side down after stretching the kinks out of their backs was down again. Believe me, there were many kinks.

"It was a very strenuous game, especially if you were one of the 'down' players and got the bulk of the running team on top of you. Nevertheless we enjoyed it and it helped in the hardening process necessary for our service in France.

"In the picture, the topmost fellow is Snow Weaver. Two others who face the camera, from left to right, are Richards and Carbars. Possibly some of the others can recognize their legs, puttees or what have you."

Gratuitous thought of the Company Clerk: Perhaps some of the more active Legionnaires might like to try out this game at the next post picnic. A list of the casualties will not be published.

WE THOUGHT we had gone through the whole list of various and sundry outfits that helped to make up our armed forces during the War but even at this late date an until-now hidden gang bobs up. It must be a false sense of modesty that has kept the fire-eaters from stepping forward and taking a bow in these columns.

You fellows haven't forgotten the O D.-clad men with the ladder and the hose who had regular fire stations scattered through all the camps and who had to be on the alert day or night for calls? We don't recall any outstanding blaze in our training camp but we do remember the fire hazard in those acres of wooden structures was great enough that in addition to regular guard duty we were called upon for fire-guard duty each night around our barracks.

Even now we can introduce those fellows only in a roundabout way—through the "whoosit" picture that we bulletin. The snapshot print came to us from William F. Hagaman, Adjutant of Little Falls (New York) Post, who has this to say about it:

what camp good old No. 2 had been located. Does anyone know?"

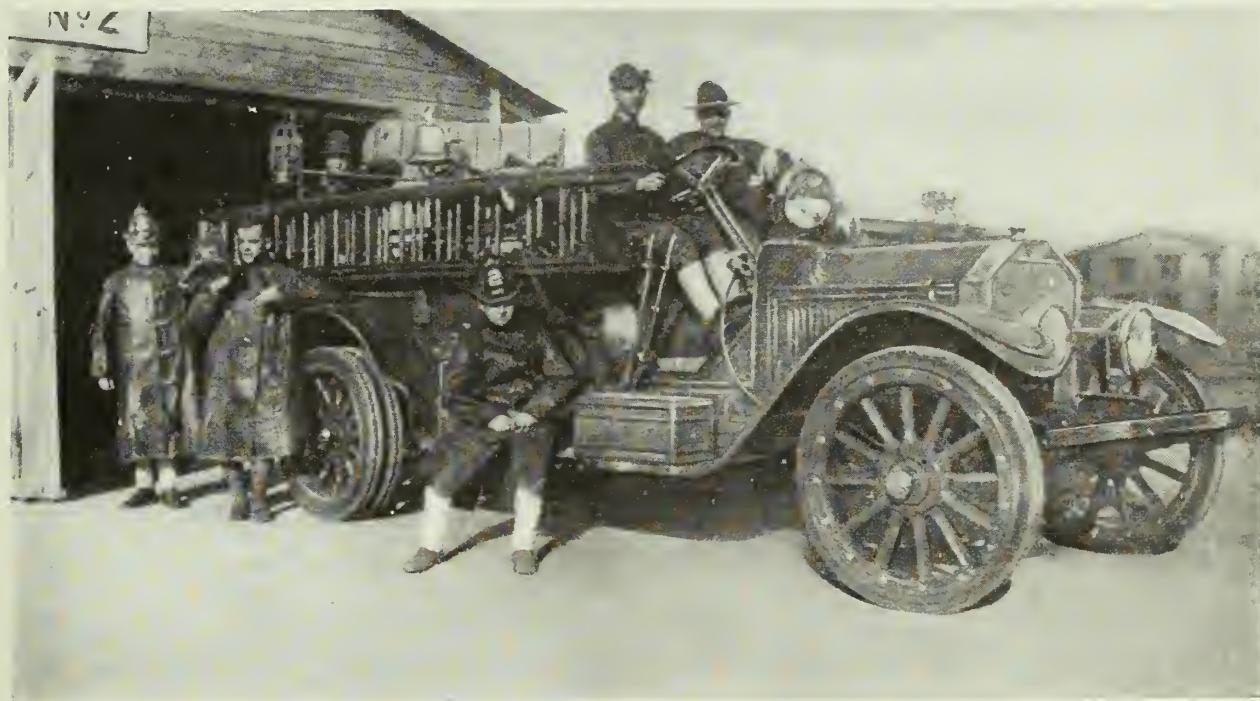
All right, you fire fighters, let us hear from you. There must have been some four-alarmers and other thrills that equaled many of those that fellows had on the firing line. We hope, especially, that some of the veterans of old No. 2 will see the picture and report to the Company Clerk.

LATITUDE oo probably means exactly nothing to 99.99% of the landlubbers who composed our Army during the war.

The only scanty knowledge of longitude and latitude—those imaginary co-ordinates which designate positions at sea—and the other mysteries of the deep were gained in the adventurous trip by transport that some of them took to join the A. E. F. and the glorious return voyage to their homeland after the shindig of 1917-18 ended. But to gobs and leathernecks and even to some civilians who have sailed down into the southern seas it has a very distinct meaning—it represents the Equator, that suppositional line which girdles the globe at its middle and divides it into its northern and southern halves.

Crossing the Equator aboard ship doesn't just mean covering so many miles of ocean. There's a distinction—there's a ceremony which none can escape—the official visit on board of Neptune, god of the sea, with his retinue who in an elaborate procedure confer upon all neophytes making their first journey across the line, the honor of becoming Royal Shellbacks.

Having been a landlubbing doughboy ourselves and never having crossed that stretch of ocean from which Neptune emerges, we don't know if the ceremony is considered an initiation



Who, where, when, why might be asked about this camp fire department of war days. The snapshot came from Adjutant Hagaman of Little Falls (New York) Post and we hope some of the fire-eaters will answer the questions

"Some time ago a local Legionnaire picked up the attached photograph from a shipment of mixed freight that was being delivered to this city. I wonder if any of the boys in the picture are still around and if they are still putting out fires for a living and doing jig-saw puzzles or playing pinochle between calls.

"As the freight came from some distance, there is no telling at

or a presentation. Anyhow, it's a rough journey for the neophytes—the royal doctors dispense bitter pills, the royal dentists examine teeth while the patient occupies a chair charged with electricity, the royal police are handy with paddle-like nightsticks, and finally while the royal barber is functioning, the back of the barber-chair collapses and drops the victim into a tank of

water. That last trial is depicted in the snapshot which Legionnaire G. W. Beidler of Chelan, Washington, permits us to show to you. It is one of a collection received from Beidler with this letter:

"I am sending a bunch of snapshots of the Neptune Party aboard the U. S. S. *West Apaum* on July 14, 1918, at Longitude 91° 41' 00" W., Latitude 00—in other words when our ship was crossing the Equator in the Pacific Ocean. The party was enjoyed by every gob and officer aboard ship and I am sure will long live in the memories of the *West Apaum* crew. Our commanding officer was Captain Tom P. Dorris, a son of the Emerald Isle.

"In Neptune's party were Lieutenant Harold Anderson as Doctor Dosem, Ensign Bronson Bachelor as the priest, his aide being Pay-clerk F. P. Noon; Neptune's wives were Dougherty and Babbitt; the barbers, Roberts, Johns and Schackleiter; seals, Bolton and Burnham; the police, Blessing, Surber, Gibberson and Johnson, and Neptune, himself, was enacted by the chief boatswain's mate who happens to be this contributor.

"I certainly would like to hear from gobs who served in my official party in this initiation and also from other men of the crew, particularly Quincy Adams Damon, who was chief machinist's mate and hailed from Beaufort, North Carolina."



A neophyte gets the works in a Neptune Party aboard the U. S. S. *West Apaum* when the ship crosses the equator in July, 1918. Just one item of the Sea King's greeting to newcomers

HERE'S a mark for the tonsorial artists of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps to shoot at. We accept this Legionnaire's story in good faith, place it before you and invite your comments. He is William H. St. Clair of Costa Mesa, Orange County, California. All right, St. Clair, you tell 'em:

"On the 27th of September, 1918, in the Forêt de Hesse, Lieutenant Britton of Supply Company, 364th Infantry, 91st Division, my outfit, was lying on his back sleeping, with a rock for a pillow. He had about a week's growth of whiskers.

"He looked so tired and worn out after his hard night's work on the 26th, the opening of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, that I decided to shave him. I got a little warm water from our field kitchen and did the job. He did not wake up for over an hour and when he did, asked our regimental supply sergeant, Stevens, how he had got his face clean. Sergeant Stevens said, 'The barber did it.'

He looked over at me and pulled a hundred-franc note from his pocket and handed it to me, saying the shave was worth that much to him, and added, 'But for the love of Mike, give Sergeant

Stevens a shave also as he looks like hell.' Another job for me.

"That hundred francs meant \$17.50 to me. Is there another barber of the A. E. F. who received that much pay for a shave during the war?

"I am still barbering and still living in the same old home I have lived in for the past twenty-four years. Quite a record for a barber. Have also had my shop in the same building for over fourteen years. I would like to hear from some of my old buddies and some of the old wartime barbers."

IN RECENT months," writes H. E. McMillan of Dover (Ohio) Post who lives in Canton, Ohio, "through the medium of the Legion Monthly, two organizations have claimed the honor of having been the first American troops to have paraded in Canada. I feel confident that the Fourth Provisional Training Regiment, First Officers Training Camp, Fort Niagara, New York, appeared on Canadian soil before the Third Battalion, 363d Infantry, or the 28th Aero Squadron.

"On Dominion Day, July 1, 1917, about twelve hundred members of our training camp marched out of Fort Niagara at four A. M. for Lewiston, New York, to board the lake steamship for Toronto. We arrived about ten A. M. and were the American unit, escorted by Canadian troops, in a large Dominion Day celebration. We paraded through the main streets of Toronto and then through the campus of the University of Toronto to a cathedral several miles from the center of the city. The university had apparently been converted into a hospital as several hundred wounded troops were scattered about the campus to view the procession.

"Those who were able to crowd into the cathedral had the pleasure of hearing a British clergyman give a two-hour discourse on the glory and might of the British Empire. We were all impressed with the fact that no reference was made to our presence nor to the entry of the United States into the conflict as an ally.

"After the services, the hungry troops again had the pleasure of attempting to march to the music of a Canadian band which tried to



"play American songs in march tempo. We were paraded back to Toronto to a large public building for tea and oratory. I recall the food was exhausted before many of our troops could get into the building. Those of us who received nothing to eat were in a wonderful mood to listen to several speeches of welcome—and were then marched to the docks where we embarked for the three-hour return journey to Lewiston.

"From Lewiston we had another long hike to Fort Niagara where we arrived tired, weary and famished but proud to think that we had made history by having been the first American troops to parade in Canada after our entry into the war."

EIGHT months from now the Legion will be converging on St. Louis. Many of the tens of thousands expected in that hub city of the country will have at least (Continued on page 70)

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

The Propaganda Against Adjusted Compensation Payments, the So-Called Fascists, Universal Service and Military Training Engage Editors' Attention

WHEN Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., a successful Pacific Coast business man with "banking connections," was elected National Commander of The American Legion, the New York and Washington writers of "gossip" columns, probably inspired by known desires of the Big Boys of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, N. E. L., et al., put out several shots of propaganda to the effect that the new commander was lukewarm toward the question of paying the adjusted service certificates.

They said he was against it personally, but that officially he would have put up a front in favor of it, because it was a mandate of the national convention.

We have not inquired into Commander Belgrano's attitude heretofore concerning this question and it does not matter what his personal opinion may have been in the past.

He now favors immediate cash payment of the certificates and said so in no uncertain terms in his addresses at Little Rock and Stuttgart Friday and Friday night.

"I stand squarely behind that resolution (to pay the certificates immediately in full) and in doing so I am not compromising with my business conscience," he said.

He added that the Legion's position is that payment now offers an effective medium for carrying out the Government's policy of human relief and stimulating business without adding to the national debt. "I am not afraid to defend that policy before any gathering of sound business minds in this country," he said. "It must be paid sometime, so why not now, when spending is a governmental policy? Why distribute recovery appropriations through channels which add to the national debt when the objective sought can be attained by paying off a debt? That seems to me to be only a matter of sound business."

Therein lies the Legion's strongest argument for immediate payment. The budget is not being balanced and if the Administration is going to spend more than it earns there is no sound reason why part of that spending should not go to pay the Government's 15-year-old debt to veterans.

It may require the over-riding of a presidential veto, but what of it!—*Arkansas Legionnaire*.

"THE FASCIST ARMY"

THREE is Pennsylvania Avenue, which leads to the Capitol . . . Can you see, my friends? . . . No? . . . Have another drink . . . There is the advance guard of the Fascist Army; oh, boy, what a drill! Speaking of "big moments," this is one of them. A general on a white charger is leading this "march on Washington" for the purpose of overthrowing the Government and establishing a dictatorship—just like that . . . fist . . .

The men who march behind the General are veterans, "top sergeants or better"—five hundred thousand strong. Have you ever seen so many top-kickers, my friend? . . . No? . . . Less try this other bottle . . .

You know, of course, how this Fascist Army was organized; that Wall Street, and particularly one millionaire, handed out \$1,000 bills, that a salesman was sent to Europe to study "plots"

of this kind, and that the French plan was adopted . . . Less have another drink . . .

Look at those millionaires handing \$1,000 bills to the marching veterans; everything is done according to the plan . . . What did-ssay? . . . You can only see a green horse? . . . By gosh, the General's horse is green . . . Less go 'ome 'n ssleep . . .—*Stamford (Connecticut) Legionnaire*.

TAKE THE PROFIT OUT OF WAR

IF AN argument was needed for The American Legion universal service legislation, it has been furnished by the Senate Committee which is investigating the so-called "munitions racket."

The Legion asks that all profit be taken out of war. Stripped of all its details, that is just what the Legion is asking in its universal war service program. It knows that if that is assured, there will be no wars.

The testimony so far has been startling. It is detailed that one United States munitions firm alone made over a billion in profits. What other firms, both in this country and in Europe, profited runs into staggering figures. And evidence indicated that proportionate profit is being made out of the various small wars that have occurred since the World War, and in urging nations to prepare for war by buying war material, whether they need it or not. Huge commissions and even graft to insure these profits are also indicated.

The American Legion is going to make the passage of its legislation for the drafting of every industry, etc., on a non-profit basis, the same as man power, in case of another war, a major objective. It will, of course, be bitterly fought by those who vision lost profits.

If The American Legion can secure the passage of this legislation it will make a real contribution to the cause of peace and it will be a patriotic act, the fine effects of which will be reflected in the pages of history.—*California Legionnaire*.

MILITARY TRAINING

THE Supreme Court of the United States last week handed down one of the most potent decisions on national defense in its history, when it ruled that the Government had a right to expect every man to take up arms in the defense of his country.

By the same sweep of the pen of Supreme Court Justice Pierce Butler, who wrote the opinion in which the entire court concurred, compulsory military training in land grant colleges was upheld.

Military training, the learned judges held, was within the discretion of the regents of the University of California, against whom the test case was filed. It applies with equal force, however, to all land grant colleges where lazy students decline for some reason or another to participate in this sort of training.

In effect the court upheld the opinion as often expressed by The American Legion: "If the United States is worth living in it is worth fighting for." That is all the Legion wants, and we who know the horrors of war know too well that had we been ready for the great conflict in 1917 and '18 (Continued on page 57)

Lincoln—Patron of Military Aviation

(Continued from page 33)

Professor Lowe at this time was extremely busy, occupied in supervising new balloons in which he embodied many original ideas, hiring and training assistant aeronauts and making the principal reconnaissances himself. As the new balloons were completed, each with its gas generators and full complement of workers was assigned to the place designated by General McClellan.

Thus the balloon *Constitution* was held at Budd's Ferry, Maryland, with General Joseph Hooker's division; the *Washington* with gas generating apparatus and materials was en route to Port Royal, South Carolina, to join Brigadier General W. T. Sherman's command; the *Intrepid* of larger dimensions was with General Porter's division at Hall's Hill. The *Union* of similar size was being readied for Poolesville with General Stone's division. Still another balloon had been sent to Cairo, Illinois. This one was used by Commodore Foote in the attack on Island No. 10 in the Mississippi. During the bombardment a naval officer ascended and discovered that the Union shot and shell went beyond the enemy. His direction soon compelled the enemy to evacuate.

BUT now the Peninsula Campaign loomed. The spring of 1862 was a season of terrible storms and incessant rains. Facing General McClellan was the task of removing an army of 125,000 men, and all the impedimenta that goes with it, 200 miles, for the theater of war shifted from Washington to the Confederate capital of Richmond, Yorktown and Williamsburg. Late in March, Professor Lowe proceeded to Fort Monroe, Virginia, with a balloon to aid General Porter in his advance to Yorktown. On April 6th, General Porter, at Professor Lowe's request, ascended for an hour and forty-five minutes to judge for himself the number of the enemy and the strength of their works at Yorktown; during the day draftsmen went aloft to sketch maps of the positions of the enemy, and in the afternoon the Count de Paris went up with General Porter, while near sun-down General Butterfield ascended to a height of 1,000 feet.

On the night of the 10th, Professor Lowe, returning from stationing a balloon ordered for Warwick Court House, suddenly found himself within the enemy's picket lines. He was insensible of the danger until he heard signals given in a low whistle, the rebel call. Accordingly he cautiously retraced his steps and escaped without detection. At 6 A. M. the following day he proceeded along the road back to Yorktown, and was surprised by the descent of a balloon close by. He was further astonished to discover the occupant to be General Fitz-John Porter. The gas had almost entirely escaped when the balloon

touched earth, for the general in his eagerness to alight (on finding that the rope tethering the balloon had parted) had opened the valve until nearly all the gas rushed forth. However, the balloon in constantly falling had mushroomed in its cords, preventing the descent from becoming dangerously rapid. It was this involuntary flight which led to General McClellan's determination to ground all generals for the duration.

It must not be supposed that the activities of the Union balloon corps failed to evoke defensive measures by the enemy. The Confederates adopted any device to destroy the big bags. Finding they could not hit them, they began to devise means to extinguish the entire corps, and espionage plots were common. Yet all efforts of the secessionists proved abortive, and the observations from aloft continued. One night thirty-five Confederate sharpshooters, each armed with the heaviest rifle known to southern hunters, crept out to hide and open fire on the Yorktown balloon the following morning. The result was disastrous. Ten of the men were captured before the bag ascended, and the rest had hardly opened fire when a heavy raiding party hunted them out and killed or captured all but six. Others from time to time sought to destroy balloons by touching them off with matches after disguises gained them access to the balloon camps, but in all cases the Federals were so fortunate as to lose none, and the spies were shot. Almost daily, whenever a balloon ascended, the enemy opened fire with their heavy siege guns or rifled field pieces, until it had attained an altitude beyond reach, and repeated this fire when the craft descended.

UPON the evacuation of Yorktown without a major struggle, the Confederates retreated toward Richmond, followed by the Army of the Potomac which congregated, eventually, along both banks of the Chickahominy River, the fatal stream, delays and losses incurred in bridging which resulted in the failure of the campaign. Balloon headquarters were soon established at Mechanicsville, under command of Brigadier General Stoneman.

Preparations by the enemy for the battle of Fair Oaks were observed and duly reported to Brigadier General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Topographical Engineers, Army of the Potomac, from ascensions at Mechanicsville and New Bridge. Meanwhile McClellan, hindered by orders from Washington and the inundation of the banks of the Chickahominy, which was higher than it had been in twenty years, tried desperately to construct adequate bridges. On May 31st, Lowe observed masses of enemy troops and wagon-trains move toward Fair Oaks, form line of

battle, and march to attack Union troops on the right bank of the Chickahominy, before the bridge completion would permit reinforcements from those on the left bank. McClellan immediately ordered General Sumner to complete the bridge, rush his troops in support of General Heintzelman and repulse the enemy. Which was done just in time. The next morning balloon observations continued and kept the Yankees informed of the position of the enemy.

Major General A. W. Greely, former Chief of the Signal Service, wrote in *Harper's Weekly* for July, 1900:

"It may safely be claimed that the Union Army was saved from destruction at the Battle of Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1, 1862, by the frequent and accurate reports of Professor Lowe."

The first twenty days in June were depressing to the United States Army. No particular advantage had been gained by the battle of Fair Oaks, the river refused to fall, storms of great severity continued and as many as two thousand men at one time were invalidated home because of malaria from the swamps nearby. Meanwhile, aerial observations kept the Yankees well posted on all that transpired within the rebel ranks.

AND then occurred the only opposing balloon venture during the Civil War. The Confederate balloon was observed in the air near Richmond on June 27th by Professor Lowe, but its ill-fated existence was short.

Years after the war, General Longstreet wrote in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War":

"The Federals had been using balloons in examining our positions and we watched with envious eyes their beautiful observations as they floated high up in the air, well out of range of our guns. While we were longing for the balloons that poverty denied us, a genius arose for the occasion and suggested that we send out and gather the silk dresses in the Confederacy, and make a balloon. It was done, and we soon had a great patchwork ship of many varied hues which was ready for use in the Seven Days' Campaign.

"We had no gas except at Richmond, and it was the custom to inflate the balloon there, tie it securely to an engine, and run it down the York River Railroad to any point at which we desired to send it up. One day it was on a steamer down on the James River, when the tide went out and left the vessel and balloon high and dry on a bar. The Federals gathered it in and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy."

Jealousy in the Cabinet, non-co-operation from Washington, commanding of orders and general indecision resulted in the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula. Professor Lowe, ill and back in Washington, was faced with the reorganization of the Aeronautic Department. It was September, and the Army's Chief Aeronaut found that all transportation was in the hands of the Quartermaster Department, and, being a civil employe without vested authority for independent action, Lowe was obliged to wait for orders. Such orders, despite the demonstrated value of balloon observations in operations in the field, were not received until the morning after the battle of Antietam, when General March requested balloons at Sharpsburg without delay. General McClellan expressed the wish, upon Professor Lowe rejoining the Army of the Potomac, that he had been with them during the engagement, as the balloon would have been invaluable to him. Upon learning that Lowe was delayed because of lack of authority, McClellan declared that he would recommend the aerial department be made a distinct branch of the army and that its Chief be granted a commission.

PROFESSOR LOWE was elated; at last it seemed that his greatest ambition would be realized. But alas! Before General McClellan could make good his promise, he was himself relieved of command.

However, balloons were made ready, and the next morning Lowe pointed out the enemy who were in force near Martinsburg, Virginia. Balloons were kept in constant use at this point until the Confederates left for Winchester, and one was also employed at Bolivar Heights. Observations made here in the vicinity of mountains 1,200 feet high were mainly of use in enabling the Union forces to change position and approach nearer the enemy. Then the army took up its march into Virginia, and the balloons were ordered to Washington; there was little need for them again until the army reached Fredericksburg.

Under General Burnside, Professor Lowe kept his balloon hidden from the enemy until the morning of the Battle of Fredericksburg. During the day many staff officers ascended, and extremely valuable information was furnished the Commanding General whose Headquarters, being directly under the car, were kept informed by verbal communication throughout the battle.

During April while the balloon camp was located at Falmouth, across the Rappahannock River from Fredericksburg, Professor Lowe was informed, much to his chagrin and increasing discomfort, that thereafter all purchases would be made through Captain C. B. Comstock, Chief Engineer, Army of the Potomac. Hitherto everything pertaining to the department had been left to Lowe's judgment, for it was his domain and his authority was presumed to be inviolate. Yet because the

Chief Aeronaut was still a civilian, he was at the disposal of orders from any army officer who chose to interfere at the various balloon stations. Insistence on "red tape" routing of communications was demanded by Comstock, which, although expected in the regular army, was brand new to aeronautics for military purposes and particularly galling in times of haste to Lowe, who had frequently been addressed directly by the Secretary of War.

Next, an attack on the salary of \$10 per day for which Professor Lowe had contracted to be of service to the army at any time of day or night, was launched by Comstock, who doubtless fancied himself as conducting the department "as economically as possible" according to the orders given him.

Back on the field, however, General Butterfield ordered the Professor to make frequent ascensions and to report to him and to General Sedgwick. Thereupon the balloon was almost continuously in the air, and the value of the reports therefrom cannot be held lightly. The logistics and engagements of all troops in the vicinity of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville during the next seven days were observed and reported from the favorable eminence of the balloon in a manner somewhat rudimentary when considered in contrast to



National Headquarters is supplying posts everywhere with cards bearing this design and facts about the Legion calculated to help in membership efforts

intelligence reports required in modern warfare, yet at the time of supreme importance to the commanding general of the Army.

The interchange of messages from observer to headquarters and vice-versa during this critical time was as indicated:

The General Commanding desires you to have your balloon up tonight, to see where the enemy's campfires are. Some one acquainted with the position and location of the ground and the enemy's forces, should go up.

Very respectfully,
Paul A. Oliver,
Lt. and A. D. C.

Balloon in the Air
Apr. 29th, 10 A. M.

General:

The enemy's line of battle is formed in the edge of the woods at the foot of the heights from opposite Fredericksburg to some distance to the left of our lower crossing; their line appears quite thin compared to our force, their tents all remain as heretofore—as far as can be seen.

T. S. C. Lowe
Aeronaut.

12 o'clock M.

T. S. C. Lowe

1:30 P. M.

T. S. C. Lowe

2:34 P. M.

T. S. C. Lowe
Chief of Aeronautics

The information was given due weight in the disposition of Union troops and fortifications. Shortly, an order from Butterfield, Chief of Staff, by direction of the major general commanding, directed that one of the balloons proceed to Banks' Ford or vicinity to observe enemy movements thereabouts. Lowe directed his aeronaut, James Allen, in charge of the balloon *Washington*, to have his balloon ready for the undertaking. (*Continued on page 46*)

Lincoln—Patron of Military Aviation

(Continued from page 45)

The following messages were sent from the balloon above Banks' Ford, on April 30:

10:45 A. M.

Major General Butterfield
Chief of Staff, etc.

The balloon arrived at 3 o'clock A. M. but since that time have not been able to get an observation until now. The enemy opposite here are apparently *not near as strong as they are opposite Franklin's Crossing*—while opposite U. S. Ford there appears to be only one camp. I cannot yet see to Bowling Green, owing to the low clouds. *The enemy's smokes are more numerous than usual in the rear of the heights opposite Franklin's Crossing below Fredericksburg.*

T. S. C. Lowe
Aeronaut

1:30 P. M.

The enemy opposite this ford occupy positions from a half to one mile from the river. Also opposite what I take to be U. S. Ford, about five miles up, there is a small force. To the left of Banks' Ford commanding the road, the enemy have a battery in position. It is hard to estimate their force for they are partially concealed in the pine woods, but they are certainly not near as strong as below Fredericksburg.

T. S. C. Lowe

A later report the same afternoon described the enemy as remaining static, although new wood smokes arose at some distance. Most numerous camp fires were reported after dark to be in a ravine perhaps one mile beyond the heights opposite General Sedgwick's forces, and many additional fires in the rear of Fredericksburg. It was judged by the observer that fully three-fourths of the enemy's force was concentrated immediately back of and below Fredericksburg, and so reported. This was of supreme value, as it gave the Commanding General correct information as to the massing of the enemy. The action on the following day is reported as follows:

Balloon in the Air
May 1st, 1863
9:15 o'clock A. M.

Major General Sedgwick
Commanding Left Wing
Army of Potomac

General:

Heavy columns of the enemy's Infantry and Artillery are now moving up the river, accompanied by many Army Wagons; the foremost column being about opposite Falmouth, and three miles from the river. There is also a heavy reserve on the heights opposite the upper crossing, and all the rifle pits are well filled.

T. S. C. Lowe

9:30 o'clock A. M.

Still another column has just started from opposite the upper crossing, but not those mentioned as reserved in my last despatch. They are moving with great rapidity.

T. S. C. Lowe

10:00 o'clock A. M.

A column of the enemy is now crossing a small run that empties into the Rappahannock at Banks' Ford. One of the columns that left from opposite here required thirty minutes to pass a given point. The balloon at Banks' Ford is continually up—long trains of wagons are still moving to the right.

T. S. C. Lowe

11 o'clock A. M.

I can see no earthworks on the Bowling Green Road. I should judge that the guns had been taken from the earthworks to the right of Fredericksburg. Another train of wagons is moving to the right on a road about one mile from beyond the heights opposite Franklin's Crossing. The enemy's barracks opposite Banks' Ford are entirely deserted.

The largest column of the enemy is moving on the road towards Chancellorsville.

The enemy on the opposite heights I judge considerably diminished.

Can see no change under the heights and in the rifle pits. I can see no diminution in the enemy's tents.

T. S. C. Lowe

12:30 o'clock P. M.

In a West North-west direction about twelve miles an engagement is going on, can see heavy smoke and hear artillery. In a West South-west direction about four miles Artillery is moving towards the engagement.

A large force of the enemy are now digging rifle pits, extending from deep run down beyond the lower crossing, just by the edge of woods at the foot of the opposite height.

There are but few troops in sight now, except those manning batteries and in the rifle pits.

There appears to be a strong force in the rifle pits.

T. S. C. Lowe

2:15 o'clock P. M.

The enemy opposite here remain the same as last reported. Immense volumes of smoke are arising where the battle is going on, opposite U. S. Ford. A large force must be engaged on both sides.

This would be a good time for some Staff Officer to ascend, if it is *desirable* to you.

T. S. C. Lowe
Chief of Aeronautics

2:45 o'clock P. M.

The enemy are throwing up earthworks for Artillery on a little rise of ground at the foot of the height about three hundred yards from deep run.

T. S. C. Lowe

3:45 o'clock P. M.

The smoke from the battle appears to be in the same position, but in much lighter volumes. Everything opposite here remains the same.

Very respectfully,
Your most Obedient Servant,
T. S. C. Lowe,
Chief of Aeronautics, A. O. P.

The following morning, May 2d, upon being told to "Please get up in your balloon at once and let me know the position of the enemy's troops" by General Daniel Butterfield, Professor Lowe reported no apparent change, either close at hand or toward Chancellorsville. An engagement occurred in the mid-afternoon, toward the West, but the immediate situation remained unchanged. On May 3d, the following dispatch from the balloon in the air was sent:

7:15 A. M.

Major General Sedgwick &
General Butterfield, Chief of Staff:

The enemy's infantry is very light along the whole line opposite here and *especially immediately in the rear of Fredericksburg*. I can see no troops moving this way on any of the roads. Heavy cannonading has just commenced on the right towards Chancellorsville.

T. S. C. Lowe

Weight given this message was soon apparent. Union troops were immediately concentrated in front and at 11 o'clock the point reported by Professor Lowe was charged "and very handsomely taken." It is doubtful if any other point on the front could have been carried at that time by the same number of men.

On May 4th, however, despite spasmodic reports from aloft, the enemy advanced in large force and attacked Federal troops on the right of Fredericksburg, driving the Yankees back and taking possession of the river opposite Falmouth.

But now other, more insidious, influences were at work.

Within a few days, Lowe's nemesis appeared in the person of Captain Comstock. The battle being over, the Professor recommended the reconditioning of all balloons, to which the answer was that it would be done under supervision of a person to be selected by the captain. This was prejudicial to the maintenance standards set by Professor Lowe and injurious to his confidence in the equipment. Further having given notice of his intention to

quit the service because of the attack on his salary, the annoyance of being a civilian employee at the direction of junior officers at times, and the general disinclination of Captain Comstock and the Quartermaster Department to give full co-operation served further to alienate the aeronaut from active duty. He expressed his wish to be relieved. He received pay up to April 7th inclusive, and went to Washington.

Pressure from many points was brought to bear upon the Secretary of War, recommending Aeronautics be permanently adopted as a branch of the Army and that Lowe be commissioned. Prominent citizens in the country added their influence. But to no avail. The War Department refused to build up a new branch of the military establishment, and the Professor would not serve again as a civilian. For which he may be criticized, but, I think, not condemned.

A single balloon might have saved the impetuous Custer and all his men—but, by then, Lowe and his work were forgotten.

Beware the Smoke Screen!

(Continued from page 23)

concerns. I have probably met and talked to as many veterans as any man. My last trip to the West Coast and back convinced me of one thing. The general public is with us in our request that the adjustment of our war pay be made immediately, notwithstanding the protestations to the contrary by various selfish interests. The biased interests have not succeeded in taking one supporter away from us without driving at least two or more friends into our camp.

I have tried to classify those I have met who are opposed to the payment of the adjusted compensation. They are for the most part the wealthier class of citizen. There are a few veterans in every community who, largely for purely bread and butter reasons, cannot get into the fight with us openly. Most of these men work for large corporations who are dead set against the payment of the "bonus" at this time. Should these men go out and state openly their private convictions, they would soon find themselves replaced by men who were never in a war or who probably made anywhere from \$15 to \$25 a day while we were getting \$30 a month.

No such axe is swinging over the head of the disabled men. Only about ten percent of them are employed at all. We have but two roads from which to choose our path. We can string along with the Legion, which has consistently proved its interest in us with concrete and constructive action, or we can sell out to the interests for the promise of a more salubrious hereafter. We remember, however, that sixteen years have elapsed during which the second group could have done things for us that they are now discovering should be done.

PAT O'BRIEN

Ex-football star. Made Hollywood debut in 1929. Now featured in "Devil Dogs of the Air," a Warner Bros. picture. A Union Leader smoker since 1930.

**"Believe me
here's the best
thing a
dime
is good for"**

WHO says the best things always cost most? That rule doesn't work when it comes to tobacco. Because one thin dime buys a tin of Union Leader, and if any fancy mixture can top this old, mellow Kentucky Burley for aroma, flavor, and downright pipe-pleasure, I've never found it, and I've smoked some pretty snooty brands! (Great for cigarettes, too.)

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UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Americanism Is the Soul of America

(Continued from page 27)

never been fully defined, but which I define as the soul of the American people.

The resolutions touched upon our educational institutions, upon subversive activities in our schools and colleges, highway safety, youth activities, admission and deportation of aliens, and many other phases of American Legion activities and American life.

None was more pregnant with interest and meaning to me than the resolution which deals with certain religious periodicals directly advocating sabotage in time of war, and urging that the youth of America refuse to fight for the land of their birth in event of war. I have read some of these articles, scarcely able to convince myself that they could be written.

I hold no brief for war. No one does who knows anything about it. No one who has growing sons wants to feed them to enemy guns. But I should rather *my* sons were dead on the field of battle than to know that they would not respond, gladly, eagerly, to their country's call in time of war, and live.

But for the sacrifices of our heroic dead the papers that are printing distorted views in opposition to our system of national defense, to our participation in any

war, regardless of our national honor and the security of our homes and our loved ones—except for those sacrifices those papers would not exist today. Have they forgotten the picture of the early Pilgrim, walking to church with his wife on his arm, his gun on his shoulder, protection against the enemy skulking in the woods? Have they forgotten the countless wars waged in the name of religion that religion did not stop? Have they forgotten Lexington, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge? Have they forgotten that but for the Revolution they would not exist under a Constitution that permits them safely to air their views, however misguided? Apparently they have.

We of the Legion must devote our attention with utmost vigor and determination to the education of our youth, to the dissemination of knowledge that will combat this terrible, this monstrous propaganda put out in the name of peace. With true pacifism we have no quarrel. None of us courts war; each of us would favor every honorable means to prevent it. But to teach the youth of America that in no event should they rally to their flag in the emergency of war is to teach a philosophy that may end Christianity itself. One need not be a deep student of current events to

know that religion is most gravely threatened in some of the very nations that offer the greatest present threat to world peace, and that if such nations were able to enforce their will upon the world Christians would again worship in the catacombs, if Christianity survived at all.

Americanism, my comrades, is an everyday thing. We cannot always live in the fever-heat of a war-time enthusiasm, and we would not choose to do so; but if we are to live up to our possibilities, if we are to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy—if we are to uphold and defend the Constitution, we must make Americanism more than a word—we must think it and breathe it, we must make it living and vital.

For Americanism is the soul of America, and if the soul be lost, all else worth while is gone.

Under the Star Spangled Banner we have marched ever forward. Ever mindful of the sacrifices that have kept us free, let us teach America's youth that our flag is no shameful thing to be deserted in time of war, that it must be maintained by them, as we have maintained it, unsullied, and inviolate; that it is theirs to guard and protect, to defend and to revere.

Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?

(Continued from page 25)

In 1932, Eddie Feehan, the Department Adjutant, got sick of being told every now and then that some bum on a corner had just insulted a lady for refusing to buy a poppy "for the Legion." Eddie began asking questions. He found a surfeit of phony veteran panhandlers. He found out that one man in Providence was making \$40 a day selling poppies or openly begging on the streets. This man was "working for the disabled ex-service men." He had two women helpers, and they were doing pretty well for themselves, too. The man was no veteran.

There were many other and similar beggars doing business in Providence and surrounding municipalities, and most of them claimed to be veterans. So Eddie called the cops.

At first the police weren't enthusiastic about Eddie's grievance. Policemen often share the general delusion that veterans are all alike and that anybody is a veteran who says he is. You can hardly blame a cop if he exhibits a certain reticence about picking up a one-legged panhandler who claims to be selling poppies or flags for his own support and the support of comrades who inferentially are still worse off. The public doesn't know that the beggar probably lost his leg hopping freight trains

and wouldn't have been accepted in the Army if they'd been drafting old maids. If his country hasn't done right by such a bum, it's only because his country owes him board and room in the hoosegow. But the public doesn't know it; it doesn't ask questions. And the police are hired by the public.

But Eddie was persistent. Then the late Archie Adams, then Department Commander, took up the cudgels. Between them, Eddie and Archie gave the police a fairly good education in veteran charity. And then they began to educate the police all over the State.

The weakness of these phony veterans is that they have to get licenses if they are to continue their business unmolested. Straight panhandling, without a license, is at least a misdemeanor practically everywhere. Besides, the profits from that racket are trivial compared to the profits from the fake charity racket. The successful beggar must be conspicuous. So he apes his betters. He imitates the Legion's methods, and the methods of other reputable veterans' organizations. He sells poppies or flags. He gets a license if he can. It presently developed that if you could keep these buzzards from getting licenses, you could protect the Legion and

many other honorable veterans outside the Legion.

Like most States, Rhode Island permits the licensing of peddlers by local authorities. But there also is a State-wide peddling license which can be had. Under a law passed shortly after the war, veterans were made exempt from paying fees for the State licenses. So one of the first things the Rhode Island Legion did was to go to the State House.

Today, if anybody gets a license to peddle for charity in Rhode Island, and the charity is in any way connected with ex-service men, the Legion has something to say. The State relies upon Legionnaires and representatives of other ex-service outfits of decent standing to help protect the public against phony charities. Licenses are refused for all sorts of veteran rackets. And there are practically no ex-service panhandlers in the State.

To enforce the rule for poppy salesmen and others requires the co-operation of policemen everywhere. Here we have been especially lucky. In almost any police force there will be Legionnaires. When the department executive committee went after the veteran phonies, they got thorough co-operation from police officers in Providence, then in other towns and

cities. In Central Falls, George Andrews, Legionnaire, was deputy chief. Imagine a phony veteran putting something over in Central Falls! Former Department Commander Charles R. Johnson is deputy chief in East Greenwich. Bill Miller, former Department Vice-Commander, is on the Newport force. These and many other Legionnaire-policemen were invaluable.

Ralph Mohr came in as a new Commander. He got the Post Commanders all over the State to take up the matter of the phonies with local officials. Ralph wrote to every police chief, to the heads of town councils. Gradually, the licensing authorities everywhere were educated to a recognition of the fact that not all veterans are worthy of charity, and that not all o. d. shirts cover the bosoms of veterans. Gradually, the police all over the State got up nerve enough to ask for credentials when suspicious-looking fellows set themselves up in the poppy business.

Today, the selling of poppies in the streets is a privilege reserved for veterans and their auxiliaries and for genuine charities. Today, if somebody asks you to buy a poppy to help the underprivileged children of ex-service men in Rhode Island, you can bet your own shirt that a Legion post will administer that dime or quarter.

But the racket persists outside of Rhode Island. The phony veterans are conspicuous in some places and furtive in other places, but they ply their trade where they can. The Legion's good name demands that they do not ply their trade under the guise of veterans.

Nor should resentment of poppy-selling and flag-waving panhandlers be confined to non-veterans. Many a panhandler can show a discharge. Perhaps some of the veteran panhandlers have been tempted beyond their resistance; times have not been easy. But their methods are inexcusable, just the same, for they are not even honest enough to admit that they will keep their takings.

During the last Connecticut Department convention in Stamford, I was stopped by such a one—a real veteran, who had fought with the Third Division. The streets of Stamford swarmed with men like him, selling poppies. I talked to him.

"So you're from Rhode Island," he said. "Well, that's one place where we can't get anywhere in this racket."

Just analyze that: He was familiar with the State law of Rhode Island. Obviously, he was in a racket that carried him wherever the pickings would be good.

This veteran panhandler had been everywhere. Doubtless I had just missed seeing him at the Massachusetts convention in Brockton. (I was getting around a lot, at the time, being a National Vice-Commander.) But of one thing I'm sure—he was not at the Rhode Island convention in Westerly. And I think the value of keeping him and his kind out of Rhode Island lies mostly in this: The town of Westerly thinks more of the Legion because he and fellows like him were not there.

Hennessy tells its own story



SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 15)

began long before we entered the war—as soon, in fact, as the Kaiser violated the Belgian border. It cost me a considerable sum in cold cash, by the way.

A friend of mine, an actor whose father had come from Germany and served in the Union Army during the Civil War, asked me in 1913 to write him a vaudeville sketch about an old German soldier. At that time the German dialect was one of America's pet hobbies. Weber and Fields were idols, their music hall a "temple." German comedians were immensely popular in vaudeville. Bernard Reinhold was the actor. He had served in the Spanish War and was a Captain in the National Guard. The sketch we worked up was so successful the first season, that the contracts for a forty weeks' tour in 1913-14 were drawn up for signature. My royalties would have meant several thousand very useful dollars.

THE day before the contracts were signed the Germans went over the Belgian border, and a pair of vaudeville sidewalk conversationalists started out with a familiar type of chatter beginning "Explanation yourself." Immediately a brick came over the footlights and took one of the actors in the jaw. The audience drove the team off the stage.

This startling evidence of the sudden loss of the public taste for German dialect shocked the theater manager. He telegraphed to the home office. The home office tore up our drawn-up contracts. Never could Captain Reinhold get a date for the sketch, though we offered to turn the old German into an old Frenchman, an old Irishman, American, Scandinavian, old anything. Thus the Kaiser knocked several thousand dollars right out of my hand and from then on I was anti-Kaiser. I had never liked him anyway, but I was not anti-German-American. The public was, however, and as soon as we entered the war the prejudice was expressed on many occasions.

One consequence of this was that it became quite an adventure to walk along the streets of Washington with the paymaster of the Military Intelligence. He was a Regular Army captain who had fought in every scrimmage we had had for a generation, Indian wars, Mexican clashes, the Boxer rebellion, Spanish War, Philippine Insurrection—all over the map. Long before the World War gave such a boost to the ribbon business, this officer had earned a double row of service ribbons, and his body was covered with wounds. But he had never lost a dialect that sounded as if he had taught Weber and Fields their business.

He wore the uniform, of course; but, on rainy days, of which Washington has about eight a week, we wore slickers on which no insignia was permitted. Many a

time walking the street with Captain Fischer, I have seen the passers-by stop short with a scowl and turn threateningly as he tossed off a light line like:

"Vell, Keptin, iss dees vetter yet enoof to zoot you?"

It would have taken little to have started a mob after him, but somehow he escaped attack.

There was a very serious perplexity in the problem of the German language newspapers and the German religious groups. In many of the States there were Lutheran churches in which sermons were preached in German to communities that would not have understood English. In New York and elsewhere there were great German newspapers of large circulation.

It was hardly human nature to let them proceed unsuspected while we fought their native land, but our people generally treated them with more forbearance than would normally have been expected and generally they comported themselves with loyalty and discretion. Of course many Germans were in complete sympathy with their adopted country, whose ideals they accepted even if they could not master its grammar. I remember talking to one German printer who said in badly broken English:

"I'd fight the Kaiser k'vicker as I'd fight anybody else. His people have treated my people like slaves. Ve come by dis country to be free men! Here ve are as goot as nobody. Here I get rich, heppy. Vat I owe de gottam Kaiser? Because ve speak de same lengvich is notting. Ve don't t'ink de same lengvich."

BUT not all the Germans in America had lost their love for the Vaterland, and it was felt necessary to keep a close watch on publications in all foreign languages, and indeed on English language publications as well.

There was so much propaganda more or less open, more or less insidious, that Congress decided to empower a very rigid censorship on printed and spoken utterances. After much debate and sincere hesitation the Espionage Act was amended in May, 1918 with regulations more stringent than anything of the sort since the Alien and Sedition Law of 1798. That law had been devised at a time when the young republic was suffering from the insults of both England and France and was kept in a state of turmoil by pro-British and pro-French parties and also by foreign-born sympathizers with either side. But the law had been so badly used by the pro-British Federal party that it failed of its purpose and brought on the fatal defeat of the party at the next election.

Our situation in 1918 was somewhat different. We had been officially at war for over a year and had acquired a 'bitter

feeling for Germany long before that on account of her interference with our commerce and our munitions business, and her ruthless submarine warfare. There was a tremendous amount of opposition to our activity in every field. Many Americans were opposed to our entry into the war at all; many of them seemed to be working under cover for Germany, and many neutral nations were being stirred up against us.

Our country was in a state of seethe and turmoil and the increasing desperation of our Allies as the German lines advanced both encouraged the pro-Germans among us and infuriated those who felt that we must crush every element that further delayed the arrival of our troops on the battlefield, or in any way damped our national ardor.

Propaganda had become a giant weapon of innumerable phases. The new law gave the President a practically unlimited power of censorship which he was to exert through the Post Office. As yet what censorship was exercised had been spasmodic and divided among several agencies. Military Intelligence attempted no censorship beyond keeping an eye on certain publications and other activities, and making recommendations.

BY A strange chain of incidents censorship was eventually taken over but not until September, 1918. When it finally fell into our department I was put in charge of it. Stranger still, I owed my promotion in rank and power by having recommended that nothing be done. And it was very odd how that chance to do nothing came to fall my way.

One evening in May, 1918, I think it was, I failed to go out to the theater or elsewhere. About nine o'clock Colonel Coxe called me up and said that if I were free he would like me to represent Military Intelligence at a conference to be held half an hour later at the Army and Navy Club. He had tried in vain to get Colonel E. B. Clark, a West Pointer who had left the Army and become an important newspaper man. He had entered M. I. B. before me and was my senior in the handling of such publication matters as were turned over to us because we were both writers by trade.

Later Colonel Clark told me that he had been in his hotel sitting by his telephone. Owing to some mixup the hotel clerk had reported that he did not answer his telephone and Colonel Coxe called me.

I went to the Army and Navy Club and found there some very imposing gentlemen the Solicitor for the Postmaster General, an army officer, a navy officer, and one or two others of importance. The question before them was the matter of suppressing an issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of which advance proofs had been submitted.

It contained an article that had caused the issuance of an order forbidding its exportation, and the meeting was called to decide if its publication should not be stopped altogether, since if it were allowed distribution in the United States, copies might be smuggled over the borders.

I was permitted to examine the article and I was dumbfounded at the thought of its suppression. I felt that the mere suggestion was an example of the hysterical frenzy into which the most intelligent people had fallen.

But I also felt that it would be an impertinence for me to inflict my views on people of so much more importance than mine. Just as on the evening when it was proposed to close the Mexican border I sat bubbling and smoking inside but afraid to speak. After an hour or two of discussion, there was a unanimous vote that the *Post* should not be permitted distribution either at home or abroad. Then Solicitor Lamar of the Post Office Department turned to me and said:

"Captain Hughes, you haven't spoken. What is your opinion?"

I hemmed and hawed a moment. Then the geyser spouted. After apologies for my frankness, I said:

"What is this article you object to in the *Post*? It is a humorous story, a burlesque on the facts. It pretends to be a letter from a German soldier in the army that has conquered New York. It describes the great battle in which the Germans captured New York. It tells about the Zeppelins flying over Manhattan and dropping big bombs. It is illustrated with photographs of a comic nature, for nearly everybody in America will recognize that the shell-holes are pictures of the excavations made when the subway was being built and the streets were all torn up. Several skyscrapers are shown as if they were wrecked by the German artillery, but everybody in America will get a good laugh because it is easy to see that the photographs represent unfinished skyscrapers whose steel frames are up and the stone work only partially put on.

"The rest of the article is fine anti-German propaganda because it represents the boche as treating the New Yorkers with the same cruelty they showed toward the Belgians and the French in the conquered towns.

"If you suppress this number you will not only rob the Americans of a good wholesome laugh but you will rob them of a lot more. There are three serials running. There is an article by Irvin Cobb.

"Fifty thousand boys are waiting to sell that number and buy themselves all the things they buy with the money they make from the *Post*. They will raise an ungodly riot, for that issue will simply have to be omitted. The *Post* makes up its numbers five weeks ahead and it can never replace this number unless it holds up publication for a week. It costs three or four times what it sells for and relies on its advertisements for its

(Continued on page 52)



To my Valentine

You may combine the qualities
of Samson and Clark Gable . . .

You might be able to provide
silk, satins and rich sable;
But just the same a man like you
can't satisfy my craving.

It's high time someone told you that . . .

You can't get by
without shaving

*Bad manner, but worth
remembering
a friend*

COMIC Valentines sometimes hurt your feelings, but many of them teach important lessons. Here's one for every man who is careless about shaving. If you know one who neglects his beard—appears in public with stubble on his face—why not do him a real favor by mailing him this Valentine? It might do a lot of good. For apparently some people still don't realize that bristles are repulsive—make a man look untidy, ill-kept and often lose him the respect of others.

Today there is absolutely no excuse for neglect. Any man with a normal skin can shave daily or twice daily in perfect comfort if he uses

the Gillette "Blue Blade". This blade is especially processed for quick, easy strokes on sensitive faces. Its edges are smooth—automatically ground, honed and stropped by methods not to be compared with those used by any other manufacturer.

The Gillette "Blue Blade" is rust-resisting, tempered by exclusive process and is "anchored" in its envelope so it reaches you undamaged—as keen as it left the factory.

These facts will be apparent the first time you use the Gillette "Blue Blade". Try it on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. Buy a package tonight.

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢

Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 51)

profits. But it can never collect from the advertisers for what it doesn't publish. I don't know the exact figures but in suppressing this number you will rob the *Post* of somewhere between \$300,000 and half a million. It is the oldest paper in the United States. It was founded by Benjamin Franklin. It has been patriotic to the last degree. You ought to think twice before you penalize it and deal it such a staggering blow.

"Furthermore, what good will it do? Suppose it does get abroad. Suppose that all of Spanish America reads the story describing the capture of New York by the Germans. If there is any Spanish-American who doesn't know how far from the truth the story is, what could he do about it? Who would care what the poor idiot thought about it?

"Suppose it got into Germany. Suppose a million copies got into Germany. Only the most ignorant peasant in all Germany could believe that New York is conquered. Any German with half a brain knows that neither London nor Paris is captured yet. If a German peasant was convinced that New York was taken, what difference would it make? His officers would laugh at him and kick him into the line.

"Here we have at last a law enabling us to check the tremendous amount of clever pro-German and anti-Allied propaganda. President Wilson withheld his signature for ten days because, as I have heard, he was afraid of what the power of censorship might do. Well he might have been afraid, for when at last he signed it and when the whole country is waiting to see where the first blow will fall, what happens? Out you come with an announcement that the first periodical to be suppressed is the *Saturday Evening Post*, and for a burlesque article about the German conquest of New York! First the public will bellow with laughter, then it will bellow with rage. The next thing will be the recall of the power of censorship and all the great work you might have done will be ended before it began."

AT THE finish of the long oration, I was again astounded at the echo of my own voice and my long-winded temerity. But the hasty review of the situation so impressed the board that the vote was recalled and reversed, and it was resolved to let the *Post* go uncensored not only in America but everywhere.

As the meeting broke up Solicitor Lamar put his arm about me and said:

"My boy, we came mighty near making a pack of Goddamned fools of ourselves."

Afterwards, I told Mr. Lorimer, the Editor of the *Post*, that I had saved him half a million dollars and no end of inconvenience; but when I asked for a couple of hundred thousand on account, he

merely smiled coldly. I have always wondered how the great grafters manage to collect.

The assistant editor of the *Post*, Churchill Williams, grew interested in M. I. B., and when I introduced him to Colonel Van Deman, he secured a captain's commission and stayed with us till demobilization. There was room for all the experienced editors and writers; for the problems were growing daily.

ONE consequence of the incident was that Colonel Van Deman put me in charge of the censorship activities as far as we were concerned with them. Immediately I began to feel the pressure of the great yearning to suppress something or somebody. Those who couldn't find a suspected spy to shoot wanted to put a stop to some publication.

One of the first to arrive at my desk was a lieutenant who threw on it one of the famous Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons. It was one of the great English humorist's first greetings to the American soldiers now arriving in France. It was not one of his best but good enough for a smile. It showed two American soldiers sitting in a concrete pig-sty. One of them said something like: "Pretty lucky break finding this, eh?" The other answered: "As long as the sow don't come home."

The officer who flung it at me snapped: "I hope you're going to stop this sort of thing."

"Why, in God's name?"

"Do you want American mothers to think their sons are sleeping in French pigsties?"

"Well, if American mothers read anything about the mud over there, they'll think it's mighty fine if now and then their sons get a chance at a nice concrete pigsty."

"You'll destroy morale if you let such things by."

"Do American mothers think their sons are motored back to the Ritz-Carlton every evening to sleep in linen sheets? In my opinion, American mothers are quite up to what's required of them and if they're not and if we're such weaklings that we can't stand what all the Europeans have been standing for four years, we're such lollipops that we're going to get licked anyway, and the sooner the better."

"You're ruining home morale, I tell you!"

"Besides, who drew this picture?"

"Some guy named Bairnsfather. Sounds like a German name to me."

"Good Lord, haven't you heard of the man who has kept all England laughing at the hardships? They say he's been worth two whole regiments. Didn't you ever hear of 'The Better 'Ole'?"

"No."

He walked away disgusted with me, but

later brought me two American caricaturists for suppression—Rube Goldberg and Bud Fisher. Rube's two characters, "Ike and Mike, they look alike" were having every imaginable mishap in the Navy and "Mutt and Jeff" were meeting with nothing but trouble in the Army.

"What's wrong with these? I asked.

"They're discrediting the uniform," he said, "making soldiers and sailors ridiculous."

"Good God, aren't we to be allowed to laugh at anything?" I pleaded.

He gave me up in despair. The next thing I remember in the jumble of those days when everything on earth seemed to be agitating M. I. B., was an order to look into the record of a writer and editor who had aroused such suspicion in the Navy Intelligence that the Department of Justice had been called in to keep a watch on him. He had a German name and origin, though born in America, and he had been very loud in his enthusiasms for the Germans before we entered the war. Then he had come to Washington and asked for a berth in the Navy Intelligence and secured one before his antecedents had been realized.

HIS name and his actions and his past record brought upon him the keen eye of those eager to purge our rolls of German espionage. His desk had been searched, and he had been shadowed, but so little positive evidence had been found that for some reason Navy Intelligence asked the aid and advice of Army Intelligence and I was sent over to look into the matter.

I tried to look and think like Hawkshaw the Detective, but I was not very impressive. At Navy Intelligence I found in uniform the distinguished novelist, Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of "Qued" "V. V.'s Eyes" and other successes. He told me the man's story at length.

"He came down here asking for a commission. We offered him a post as a yeoman, but he said he couldn't support his family on the salary. Then we offered him a job as an ensign. 'How much do I get?' he said. We told him. He shook his head: 'I can't live on it.' So we made him a lieutenant-junior grade, and he moved in. We grew suspicious and put the watch on him, and finally he sent in his resignation. He wants to go back to New York tomorrow. We thought we'd better nab him but the case against him is a bit thin as yet. So we thought you might have something in your files, or might find enough to order his arrest."

"Let me understand you," I said, "He asked for a job but refused one as a yeoman."

"Yes."

"He accepted one as junior lieutenant."

"Yes."

"Does he have any access to any secret files or anything where he is?"

"Not a thing."

"Would he have had as a yeoman?"

"God, yes! He'd have been at the American end of the cable. Everything confidential would have passed through his hands."

"What's the difference in pay between yeoman and junior lieutenant?"

"Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week."

"Well, now, Henry, if you were a German spy and were offered a job where you could see all the incoming cables for the A. E. F. and the Navy, would you pass it up for a job where you couldn't get your hands on anything, just for a measly twenty-five dollars a week?"

"Hell, no!" said Henry. "The whole case is blown up."

"Let me talk to the man," I said. So he was ordered to report to Military Intelligence and ask for me. When he came in he was in a pitiable state. He had not slept or eaten and he expected arrest and condemnation. He had long realized that he was being shadowed and he told me that he had verified his guess by leaving his desk and papers in a certain disorder at night only to find every morning that they had been ransacked and left in another disorder. He was resigning because he felt he was doing no good and was likely to be disgraced and ruined on some trumped-up charge.

On my desk was the dossier of all his past life and my first questions showed that I had a fair insight into his sayings and doings and writings. This frightened him further. To put him out of his misery I did not delay telling him that he was cleared of suspicion.

He nearly died of relief. I said to him:

"Before we entered the war you had as much legal right to favor the Germans as anybody else had to favor the Allies. It's a free country of free speech, and many of our best citizens believed that we ought either to have stayed out of the war or fought the Allies. But the moment we went into the war against Germany, all pro-German talk had to cease. War's war, and the only way to save life and horror is to fight it through to a quick finish."

"War is like a house on fire. There's no pretending that fire is a good thing in such a place. But the best way to put it out is to put it out. Those who won't help should stand back and keep their mouths shut. Anybody who interferes with the firemen or distracts their attention is helping only the fire."

"The house may belong to a man who is no better than he should be, and the firemen may have their faults, but personal comments should be saved till the fire is out."

"You are unlucky enough to have a German name during a German war. From now on till peace is declared you ought to lean over backward on our side. This is no time to praise even Beethoven, Goethe, or von Steuben. (Continued on page 54)



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Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 53)

He agreed with me heartily, assured me that he was whole-heartedly with the country in the war and had genuinely tried to serve it as best he could. He departed in peace and has since that time had a fine career.

As an aftermath of this case sixteen years later, it may be interesting to quote a letter I had from him recently. I had never met him since that day in M. I. B., but on the occasion of his appointment to an important New York editorship I wrote:

SEEING your smiling face in the—— reminds me of what you may have forgotten—the time in Washington when I was called in from the Military Intelligence to confirm the Naval Intelligence's theory that you were a German spy, and deserving of prompt arrest and endungeonment, and it was my good luck to point out that everything they thought proved your espionage actually disproved it. You called on me and we had a pleasant chat. Remember?

"I have followed you since with interest and have been glad that I was able to save you from a cruel and unmerited blow.

"Pardon the reminiscence and believe me

"Yours with great respect and every good wish."

His answer gives a striking picture of the sort of thing that raged during the World War as in all other past wars, and as they will doubtless in all future. He wrote:

"Thanks for your kind letter of February 19. My recollection of the Washington episode is vivid. I suppose it was fortunate that there was an amateur and layman like yourself sandwiched in with all the professional military men. What I have never told you is that shortly after leaving Washington, I discovered that a supposed friend whom I had befriended, a fellow novelist of yours named —— had started the whole trouble by making a series of false and mendacious reports based largely on a fevered imagination, the desire probably to compensate for not actually being in uniform, and probably in addition to that, an inherent indecency. You did not tell me at the time who the informant was, but I discovered it not long afterward. When I disclosed the tale to some of our fellow club associates,—— was then and thereafter endowed with the sobriquet of 'Slimy Vermin.'

"The whole thing is amusing in retrospect, but I can't help remembering how many decent people were thus stabbed in the dark by patriotic fakirs. If and when the United States goes into the next war, my first official act will be to find some of these professional misinformers and (if I am able to) knock their blocks off.

"I will pardon you the reminiscence if

you will pardon me the resulting explosion!"

How one is to restrain the savagery that rises in wartime is hard to imagine. The men on the firing line are apt to be as courteous to one another as their grim job permits, but the poor souls left at home tend to take their spite out on their neighbors. Resentment at their own unheroic idleness while the heroes win glory in the trenches leads some civilians into an inferiority complex that takes the form of a determination to do something at all costs and find some enemy somewhere to pick on.

While I am talking about writers I might tell of an author of great international fame whom I managed to relieve from the consequences of this eagerness to "get" somebody, anybody. M. I. B. fairly ached with the longing to catch spies and my hands-off policy aroused resentment in some quarters.

One very charming officer from the Far West read one of my reports giving a clean bill of health to some suspect and he said with friendly frankness:

"Of all the pails of dishwater I ever read your last report was the worst. You've got no guts at all. You're a regular milk-sop."

"Yes? And what would you consider a model document? Have you one handy?"

"I have my report on the ——— case. There's a fellow I take over the ropes. He's a visiting foreigner and a bad actor and I'm going to have him in a cell before he goes any farther."

The document he handed me was a strange piece of work. An eminent European author from a neutral country was visiting these shores, traveling about, lecturing and autographing his books. Because he was a foreigner and spoke with an accent he aroused suspicion everywhere and he was tailed by the Military Intelligence men in nearly every city he visited. Since he was a neutral he saw both sides of the war more or less impartially and while he was anti-German he did not believe that the Allies were all angels. Being an author and in the business of expressing his feelings freely, he said so. It was no time for tossing off finely balanced praise and blame in this country and he aroused resentment and attracted the attention of the spy-hunters, though, of course, if he had been a spy he would doubtless have avoided any hint of criticism of the Allies.

IN A Western city the Military Intelligence officers had him shadowed. They sent to Washington a long report and it was turned over to this captain who criticized me so vigorously. The visiting author chanced to be in Washington at the time but was leaving for New York the next day. The captain's summary of the

evidence against him ended with a recommendation that the foreign genius be arrested, not in Washington, but in New York. The captain's scouts had been able to find out just what train he would leave on and the number of his car and his seat. The report was to be forwarded to New York that night with instructions to the New York office of M. I. B. to seize the author on his arrival and slam him into a cell.

THE captain watched me read his vitriolic report with a gloating eye. He chortled, "That's what I call a report."

"That's what I call it," and I. "There are all sorts of reports and this one's a puff of wind. You'll simply make us all look silly before the whole world. You'll deal a foul blow to a very famous man. The first court will throw the case out, and we'll be both contemptible and idiotic."

"You're crazy!"

"That makes two of us. But what have you got here? You say that this foreign author went out into a park with a street walker. While sitting on a bench with her he made certain caustic remarks about this country and the Allies. He didn't tell her he was going to blow up any railroads or assassinate anybody. He didn't ask her to derail a troop train or sink a transport. Even if she had claimed that he had made any such suggestions, you'd have nothing but the uncorroborated report of a street walker.

"Even the street walker doesn't allege that he did anything but toss off a little conversation about our high aims and ideals. You've got no goods on him at all. You can't imprison a foreign visitor for conversation."

"Oh, can't we? The order has gone out for his arrest and he'll be picked up as soon as he sets his foot in the New York railroad station."

"You can't mean it! You can't go tossing blue vitriol haphazard this way. Recall that order."

"I will not. It's on Major Hunt's desk now and he's signed it."

"Well, I'm going to him and ask him to reconsider it. Come along and answer my objections. I hate to do this to you, but it's a horrible thing to arrest a great man like that on such flimsy grounds."

"Go on and talk to Major Hunt, and he'll tell you where you get off."

And so, feeling very much like a tattle-tale but fired by the same lofty motives that impel all informers, I went to Major Harry T. Hunt, who was just about closing his day's work after signing four or five hundred letters written in his name by the large number of officers in his section. I asked him if he had signed a letter ordering the arrest of ———. He sighed wearily:

"I suppose so. I've signed hundreds of such things. Captain — handled the case and told me the man was a bad egg."

Major Hunt was a prominent lawyer from Cincinnati and soon after this incident went to France. He was later Mayor of Cincinnati and an eminent member of important national boards of investigation. When I outlined the feebleness of the case against — — and the atrocity of subjecting him to public disgrace Major Hunt dug the report out of the haystack in front of him, skimmed it hastily, tore up the letter he had signed ordering the arrest and uttered many pious Goddamns of despair over the difficulty of keeping well-meaning patriots from making fools or fiends of us.

I HATED myself as a meddler and I suffered during the bawling-out he gave the captain, but I consoled myself with the thought of what the poor foreigner had escaped. It chanced that I never met him till fifteen years later. I thought it might interest him to know what a narrow squeak he had had, and I told him the story at some length. To my surprise he did not so much as lift an eyebrow or make the slightest comment. I apologized:

"I hope I haven't bored you with all this."

Then he came out of the silence with a bang. He began to breathe heavily, and to smite and mop his forehead with great vigor, and to gasp imprecations between blows on his forehead. He spoke as if I were not there, and in an accent I shall not attempt:

"If I had felt a hand on my shoulder—if I had heard somebody say, 'You are under arrest! You are a spy!' I should have dropped dead on the ground. My heart is not strong. I should have died there. If I had not died at once, I should never have lifted my head again."

"Well," I said, "I'm glad you survived for the great works you have since done."

"I should never have written again!" he groaned. "If I had not died, I should have been so shattered that I should never have written again. A German spy! To be arrested in New York and jailed as a German spy! And on the testimony of a street walker, you say. Where did I talk with a street walker? I do not deal with street walkers—not because I am so moral, but because I am hygienic.

"Ah, I remember. In that city there is a park before the hotel, a street square. One night I leave the hotel for a little walk. I see a crowd gathering. I go over. There I find that a young soldier in uniform has killed himself. Somebody is there who explains that he was drafted as a soldier; he was put in uniform but he did not want to go to war. Perhaps he was a conscientious objector but they said he was afraid of the war. So he killed himself.

"The crowd stood 'round till an ambulance came, and the police. They took the poor boy's body away. I probably sat

down on a bench. I think I remember talking to a woman, though I did not know she was a street walker. I probably said to her how foolish war was, how little it proved, how wicked both sides were, how cruel, how insane—even that lad kills himself because he was afraid a German lad would kill him.

"That was all—some talk like that. Then I went back to the hotel. But if I had been arrested in New York—my God! I should have died right there! If I had not died I should never have written again!"

He gave me his latest book and in it he wrote:

"To R. H. who—so it seems (and with profound gratitude be it recorded)—took no small part in the writing of this book."

This dedication would seem very cryptic to anyone who knew that I had never seen the book nor the author till that day, but now it is explained.

While I am piling up these apparent bits of brag I might quote from an order which was put into effect countermanding another order that kept authors who were in uniform from writing for periodicals. Most people will remember George Creel's Committee of Public Information, which was George's gigantic contribution to the war. George had hoped to avoid censorship by giving out all information that was not of military value; but the task was too great and censorship developed to huge proportions in spite of him. When it was turned over to M. I. D., George turned his mighty engines to the conversion of Europe to our point of view and accomplished marvels of which too little is remembered.

Like George, like Harvey O'Higgins, Henry Sydnor Harrison and numberless others, I had been earning a living of a sort by writing. Washington was an expensive city to live in at war prices and it was horribly overcrowded. I was lucky enough to rent my farm in Westchester County for exactly what I paid for my house in Washington. But I had a large number of dependents and my captain's pay hardly paid for the coal we consumed when we were lucky enough to get any. Furthermore, I was under contract to write a novel and some short stories and I needed the money vitally, not to say virtually.

COUNTLESS other authors were in the same plight. But there was an army custom discouraging authorship among soldiers and it was turned into a positive General Order on January 2, 1918, flatly forbidding persons in the Military Service to contribute to publications or to accept pay for their writings. I went after that order with all my might and slight of hand, for my own bread and butter depended on cracking it.

Furthermore, most of the writers in the country were in the service in one capacity or another. Many of them had obligations that they could not put aside or meet on the pay they (Continued on page 56)

NEW JERSEY PIPE SMOKER USED ONE TOBACCO 30 YEARS

Wife asked storekeeper for
"best tobacco in the place"
... and got Edgeworth

Metuchen, New Jersey
February 16, 1934

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Thirty years ago this August

I was vacationing in Vermont and had bought a salt sack of so-called tobacco for a nickel—the best in the backwoods store. One puff and I generously gave the sack away.

My wife was driving to So. Londonderry and I requested her to bring back the best tobacco in the place. She came back with a tin of Edgeworth.

I have read of many smokers boasting of their twenty-odd years' use of Edgeworth; but would like to hear from those using it longer than I.

Years ago I used to stock up when I went on my vacations; but experience has taught me that in the most out-of-the-way places in all the most eastern half of this country and Canada, I can buy my Edgeworth. More power to you.

Sincerely,
Geo. A. Humphries

Mildness and Flavor Win

IT IS the combination of genuine mildness and delicious tobacco flavor that has made Edgeworth famous everywhere. Some tobaccos are mild without much flavor. Others have flavor, but fail in mildness. Edgeworth is the right combination. You can smoke it all day long—and enjoy it all day long.

If you are a stranger to the winning quality of Edgeworth, invest in a 15-cent tin and give it a trial. These pocket tins are sealed in moistureproof Cellophane. Other sizes, up to pounds, are sold in vacuum-packed tins. Ask your dealer. Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

"More Smoking Hours Per Tin"

Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 55)

were receiving as volunteers. They had homes purchased or rented, which they had to leave for life in a crowded Washington or elsewhere. The magazines needed their work and welcomed it. But the Army orders forbade them to write anything at all. The order was robbing Americans of income and robbing America of a great source of entertainment and stimulation.

THREE were also many gifted writers in the ranks, many of them not yet discovered. They were neither encouraged nor permitted to describe the marvelous experiences they were having. They also could earn money for the support of the families they had left behind, and for the stimulation of the public. But they were not permitted to write. Even their letters home from camp or abroad were read by censors and most of the picturesqueness deleted lest it delight the enemy.

I put all this up to the higher authorities and the result was published in the following bulletin:

SOLDIERS PERMITTED TO WRITE

"The bar has just been removed from literary effort by persons in the military service. Hitherto, General Order No. 1, Jan. 2, 1918, forbade them to contribute to publications or to accept pay for their writings. . . .

"One necessary and important provision is made that 'such matter as relates to the military profession, the war, or to current events' must first be submitted to and approved by the Chief Military Censor, who is also the Director of Military Intelligence, with an office at Washington.

"The Censor, it may be stated, believes that the writing gift should be encouraged. It is the best form of propaganda; it keeps alive the interest in individual achievements and points of view; it will bring to light numberless picturesque bits of character and conduct otherwise unchronicled; it offers encouragement to the free expression of the American soul in these hours of its greatest experience."

While I was doing desk work all day and often half the night, I did what work I could at spare moments on my fiction. But also I wrote a book for the Government which did not carry my name on it and paid me no royalties. It was published in an edition of 20,000 copies—marked "Confidential."

Many of my books might have been marked "confidential" from the enthusiasm the public showed in not reading them, but there was a smile in a secret document of which 20,000 copies were published.

This book came about through my contacts with the Department of Justice concerning certain cases of alleged hostile activity. One of the high counselors was complaining that there was no general

understanding of the enormous variety of forms taken by enemy propaganda, and the prosecuting officers in the thousands of towns where the war spirit and the enlistment enthusiasm were being stealthily undermined had nothing to guide them. He asked me if I would not write a book covering the subject and, with Colonel Van Deman's approval, I undertook it. Though it was written for the Department of Justice and distributed to District Attorneys and other law-enforcement officers throughout the nation it was published under the authority of "the Military Intelligence Branch, Executive Division, General Staff, U. S. A."

The title was "Propaganda in its Military and Legal Aspects" and it was filled with examples and illustrations of the various forms that propaganda took and will take again.

The book ran to about a hundred thousand words and described such things as: Conquest by propaganda; the Russian Disaster, Panic by Propaganda, the Italian Retreat, Defeatist Propaganda, Bolo Pasha and the Bonnet Rouge, Propaganda among Neutral Nations, the Central Bureau in Spain, Disruption Offensive in Japan, German Propaganda among Neutral Nations (describing our alleged inability to raise an army, or transport it overseas, the failure of the draft, the breakdown of our preparations, and the utter failure of our Liberty Loans.)

The chapter devoted to the *Continental Times* brings up the story of one writer for whom I did not ask mercy. The Germans published an alleged French newspaper called the *Gazette des Ardennes* purporting to be published in France and cleverly distributed so as to poison French minds with lies or colored truths. They also published for distribution among English and American soldiers a paper in English called the *Continental Times*. The editor was a renegade Englishman and one of his chief aides was an American born poet, Herman George Scheffauer, born in San Francisco and an art student at the University of California. He taught art and practiced architecture but gave his soul to poetry. He wrote the play produced at the Bohemian Grove in 1908. He married an Englishwoman and moved to England. He was a poet of very real ability.

SOMETHING turned him against both England and America so fiercely that he acted as a spy for Germany when the war broke out. He was finally expelled from England and established himself in Switzerland and Germany and devoted himself to the *Continental Times*. He had written bitterly against his native country during the Spanish-American War but when we entered the World War, his hatred turned to a frenzy. A pamphlet of his called "A

Letter from an American to an Englishman" was published in this country by a German and got the publisher interned.

It is impossible to imagine anything more vicious than Scheffauer's attacks on the United States or more idolatrous than his tributes to everything German. His writings were smuggled into the American lines in various ways and the Department of Justice wondered what it could do.

I suggested that an indictment for high treason be drawn up against him to prevent his ever returning to this country or to punish him if he did. This was done but he never came back. He died abroad not long ago and the notice of his death mentioned the indictment, hanging over him. He must have been a tragically troubled soul, and I am not glad of my part in his fate.

The pages in my book concerning German propaganda in America described the elaborate machinery at work before we entered the war, under Captain Boy-Ed, the Captain von Papen who has since loomed so large in Hitler history, Dr. Dernburg, Dr. Albert, Count von Bernstorff and others. The New York *Evening Mail* was purchased under cover as a disguised organ. The cleverest use was made of the German societies of all sorts, and of the Lutheran Church.

THE moving picture houses were not neglected and a clumsy effort was made to revive the ancient hostility toward England in Revolutionary War times. A German dug up an old picture called "The Spirit of '76" and got it past the censors, then inserted fifteen hundred feet of new film representing British brutality on prison ships, British cruelty to prisoners and women. They had one British soldier impale a baby on a bayonet. The purpose was so evident and the time so inopportune to rouse up old grudges against our allies, that the film was suppressed before it reached the public. Propaganda was rife among labor organizations, and it did not neglect the Negroes.

Propaganda by all sorts of rumors was incessant and the rumors ran like wildfire. One told how President Wilson's secretary was found guilty of treason and shot; another that all the plums fell to Catholics.

There was the famous Red Cross sweater story: A woman knitted a sweater for the Red Cross and sewed in it a bank note for some poor soldier. Later she found that very sweater for sale in a department store. This was meant, of course, to discourage women's sweater work for the Red Cross. It appeared everywhere. Stories of horrible doings in hospitals, of ghastly disasters abounded. One section of the book concerned a list of "The One Hundred and One Lies."

Many of the most dangerous propagandists had no German sympathy at all. They just didn't like the war. Religious propaganda of various sorts was hard to handle. An occasional church was burned by excited patriots but that cure was hardly to be recommended. Many preachers denounced the war on all grounds and urged their hearers to offer resistance to the draft.

A SERMON by Reverend John Haynes Holmes, who is still the most ardent of pacifists, was reprinted by the Germans and dropped over the British Fifth Army in enormous quantities by means of balloons. Dr. Holmes denounced the war as utterly "unchristian" and asked why, if it was fought for the integrity of international law, it was "directed only against Germany and not also against England." He is still using many of the very same phrases.

By a strange coincidence the army over which the Germans snowed these sermons was the one that broke and let them through to an almost fatal depth in their great spring offensive.

Later our Army returned the compliment and sent across the German lines all sorts of documents printed in the German language—floated across on balloons so triggered as to release them at a certain point. Woodrow Wilson's speeches appeal-

ing to the German people against their tyrannical rulers were very effective in weakening the faith of the Germans in the Kaiser and his generals.

But I think the most cruel and perhaps the most effective propaganda ever employed was worked by the A. E. F. Intelligence forces. The German soldiers were known to be on short rations, and eating sawdust bread and other ersatz substitutes for real food. So our heartless men sent over thousands of copies of the bills of fare served to our well-fed army. It was like ringing a dinner bell in a starving man's ear and the German deserters almost trampled our troops to death in the rush to surrender.

One of the most sinister of the forms of propaganda, against which we fought to the end of the war, was a book issued by a certain religious organization proclaiming that the millennium had already come, the boundary lines of nations had all been erased, there were no more Germans, English, French, or Americans, only God's children; and consequently the soldier who shot a German was murdering his own brother in Christ.

These books were printed by the tens of thousands, and left in the reading rooms of the camps. When they were removed from there, copies were secretly tossed into the soldiers' tents.

(To be continued)

The Voice of the Legion

(Continued from page 43)

through means of a little training, we would not have buried so many of our comrades, and neither would there be so many in the hospitals of our country.

If the students attending Ohio State University and other colleges where mili-

tary training is required are too diffident to take a few hours' training so that they may know for their own good how to handle themselves if they should be called on, or are just too downright lazy, why don't they take this tip: Go (Continued on page 58)



Bewhiskered Sedley Peck and a pair of grand boulevard cowboys played accordions as they marched in the Miami national convention parade to let the world know that Paris would like to have The American Legion return



"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."

(Signed) R. A. LOWELL
Physician and Surgeon

How DIRECTOR Works

DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

Improve Your Appearance

This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

Restore Your Vigor

"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

Break Constipation Habit

"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life," D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans.

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. The gentle changing action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.



SEN T ON TRIAL
Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

Mail Coupon Now!

LANDON & WARNER Dept. S-5
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Voice of the Legion

(Continued from page 57)

to a college or university where there is no military training required.—*Ohio Legion News*.

VETERANS' PREFERENCE

VETERANS of the World War are entitled to preference in public works! A few people seem to think otherwise, but their minds are usually set right when they give the matter the thought it deserves.

During those fateful years of 1917 and 1918, more than four million young men between the ages of 21 and 31 were wearing the uniform of your Uncle Sam. While these millions were drawing the mere pittance of \$30 a month, with which they paid many of their expenses, millions of younger and older people were trained for lucrative vacancies occurring, and when the war ended, not a few of the "boys" were unable to regain their old positions.

During the intervening 16 years to the present, a new generation or two has marched upon the scene. The veterans would be shoved to one side, except for the preference law.

And now, while a great economic war is being waged—a struggle almost as intensive as that which occupied the country in 1917-18—the former service men are handicapped because of their graying temples, a broad hint that their youthful days have passed.

The veterans are not asking for something unreasonable! That they are justified in pressing their claims for preference rights on public works is admitted by any fair minded person giving the subject rightful consideration.—*The Idaho Legionnaire*.

LEGION'S DISABLED POLICY IS SOUND

THE Legion proposes a sound, conservative program on behalf of the disabled, as exemplified in the statement of future policy, declaring for enactment into law of the principle of universal service in time of war.

We do not seek to place the World War veterans on a pedestal or put them in a class by themselves, but to remove them out of a class of handicap in which they were placed by reason of their service.

With the threat of the Economy League, the American Veterans' Association and allied organizations to re-open the whole problem of the disabled at the next session of Congress it behooves us to enunciate our policy in clear and unmistakable terms, so that the public may know that we advocate compensation solely for our war disabled, with hospitalization when needed; that we ask treatment in Government hospitals for non-service cases only when it is actually necessary and where the veteran is unable to pay for private care.

We further insist upon adequate provisions for widows and orphans of our deceased comrades when these dependents are in need of such protection.

We are agreed upon a plan that is fair to our disabled and to the tax-payers. Let us see to it that our neighbors and fellow citizens understand our attitude and appreciate its fairness.—*Egyptian Legionnaire, Herrin, Illinois*.

MEMBERSHIP FORMULA

THE objective of the Department this year is for an early enrolment of membership. There isn't a single advantage in permitting membership drives to lag month after month. There isn't a single reason why our great little State shouldn't be up with the leaders when the national membership records begin to come out.

Let's be practical about this membership thing! We know that the only way to get membership is to pull door bells. Every post and county officer should immediately pay his 1935 dues. They should then see that every committee member does likewise and then the door bells of the remaining members are to be pulled by those paid up. If we do that, by January first we'll be over the top and going strong.

Remember, your only quota is to do better than your previous best!—*New Jersey Legion News*.

Bringing Back the Wild

(Continued from page 29)

fingerlings each fall and to feed them artificially throughout the winter and early spring. Properly handled the fish should be over-legal-size by the opening of the following season and from seven to eight inches in length by the time fly-casting begins.

Even anticipating a 33½ percent loss, the association expects its trout fishing problem will be solved, for even should more fish be found desirable it will be easy enough to build two or three additional rearing pools. The association will, of course, pay the food bill for the trout and this may be considerable, but as it owns and operates its own truck, distribution costs will be kept at a minimum.

The association always has been able to procure from the State Conservation Department plenty of white and yellow perch and pike-perch, and this end of its stocking operations is well taken care of. But black bass present a more serious problem. Up to within the past few years the natural propagation of bass in the lakes was sufficient but with a ten-fold increase in the num-

ber of anglers and three or four successive poor spawning seasons, it now is faced with the problem of restoring both the large mouth and the small mouth as these are the two most popular lake game fish in that locality. The association has received from the state hatcheries and has purchased from commercial hatcheries small consignments of bass advanced fry, but the results of the plants of these made in the lakes have not been apparent. An experiment also was made with a bass rearing pond but for some reason or reasons, this also was unsuccessful. It appears now the association must do one of two things—either construct capable bass-rearing ponds or get to the root of the trouble attending the natural propagation of bass in the lakes. If this latter problem could be solved it would, of course, be the cheaper way out.

This body of sportsmen does not maintain a game farm, which, by the way, is an expensive operation and unless the annual production be as much as 1,000 birds, is likely not to be a paying investment. It

does, however, receive from the State large shipments of pheasant eggs and day-old chicks, which are distributed to members living in the outlying sections, who hatch the eggs under bantams and rear the birds until they are matured, when they fly away and revert to the wild. This system has proved highly successful and although the region is one of the most heavily gunned in the entire country, there is good shooting and I doubt if the kill of pheasants in the counties covered by the association is exceeded anywhere in the East on unposted lands.

This association has done nothing in propagating quail. It has received regular allotments of quail from the State and in addition to this releases several hundred birds each year for field trial purposes. These birds are paid for half by the field trial committee and half by the association, and as none are shot at the trials they live to furnish sport for the gunners the following fall. Today the cheery whistle of bob-white is heard throughout the summer months in a country where a scant ten or

fifteen years ago the sight of a quail was an oddity.

Ruffed grouse present a problem which the association has not yet been able to solve. The State Conservation Department has succeeded in artificially propagating a limited number of ruffed grouse of which the association has received its quota. The only other plantings of grouse the association has been able to make were small purchases from outside the State of a few dozen birds at exorbitant prices.

Another important activity of the association is fostering good will between land-owner and sportsman. The association stocks only unposted lands and waters and it has been a leading factor in preserving public hunting and fishing in that part of the country.

What this association is doing hundreds of other sportsmen's clubs and associations are doing on a larger or smaller scale. Not every group has the funds to spend on the purchase of fish and game from commercial sources, but any club, no matter how small its membership, can co-operate with its State game department in rearing fish and game and planting it in woods and waters. This is constructive work and the organized sportsmen may be proud of the results.

When the first settlers pushed their way into the wilderness areas of this country, much of the land teemed with fish and game. As a matter of fact, a large part of their fare was fish and game and the fact they were compelled to shoot "for the pot" was to a large degree responsible for the decrease of the wild life and many sections became fished-out and shot-out. Then began the era of conservation. The States added to their activities the protection and propagation of certain species of fish and game. This work was financed largely with the funds received from the sale of fishing and hunting licenses. The sportsmen organized and co-operated with their State

departments, realizing that if they did not do so, hunting and fishing would become things of the past.

Conservation soon embraced restoration, and restoration embraced not only the propagation and planting of near-extinct species but the restoration and improvement of breeding, feeding and sanctuary areas. Game management, and by game management I do not mean game farming, but game management in the wild, began. Pennsylvania was transformed from a "shot-out State" into one of the greatest big-game States in the Union, with an average kill of from 20,000 to 30,000 whitetailed deer and almost 1,000 black bear annually.

While sportsmen may be said to have been actuated by selfish motives—that is the preservation and improvement of their sport—all of us, whether we hunt or fish or take our pleasure in merely observing our furred and feathered friends of the wilderness, are the beneficiaries of a movement that is repopulating these wildernesses with game and fish.

Prior to the days of organized sportsmen several interesting species of American wildlife became extinct. Such a thing probably never will happen again—certainly not if the sportsmen can prevent it. When, only a few short years ago, a down-grade in the ruffed grouse cycle brought the supply of this king of game birds perilously low, the organized sportsmen of the country were among the most insistent in demanding an indefinite closed season upon that species. New York's successful experiments with the artificial propagation of ruffed grouse are being financed by the sportsmen.

The organized sportsmen of America have evidenced their willingness and their ability to father the cause of conservation. The future of wildlife in this country, I believe, may safely be left in their hands.

A SHORT MONTH—

Great Creeps!! Another month gone, and I haven't mailed that Coupon in yet!! The "kiddies" will never forgive me!! Quick, Miss Que—take a telegram!!!



Only 28 days in February. Two, and three, days less than the other months—with or without the Rs in them—to send for that veterans' treasure of reminiscent laughter.

THE A.E.F. IN CARTOON by WALLY

A handy bound volume of ALL the Wallgren cartoons drawn for The Stars & Stripes in France during the war. With insidious introductions by John T. Winterich and Alexander Woollcott.

If only for the Kiddies' sake—YOU OWE IT TO THEM—send this coupon in today.

LEGION BOOK SERVICE,
The American Legion Monthly,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me . . . books of Wally's cartoons at \$1.50 each. \$..... enclosed.

Name

Address

Town State



Miami, beflagged and gay, closed her down-town streets to motor traffic while 40,000 Legionnaires thronged them night and day during the National Convention

The Immortal Three

(Continued from page 5)

sense of honor. There, at last, we come to the foundation of the towering structure. They called him Honest Abe. He was ready for any kind of work. You may build with great plans on a foundation of honesty and a willingness to work.

In the soil of work and friendship the boy grew. Naturally his neighbors changed, but in his young manhood he was always in intimate association with Burns and Shakespeare and Washington and Webster and Clay and Scott and Blackstone. They were his best neighbors and friends. Who are yours? Do they pave and light our road or do they worry and mislead us and keep us ever in doubt of our direction? Lincoln got in his mind the stride of great masters. I wouldn't have you think that he was a grind. He loved fun and was the best laugh maker of his time. He even played ball—barn ball—a

game as lively as tennis. He would wrestle with you. His first important speech traveled widely. A young man who wanted to be an orator asked him how it was to be done.

"You must remember that character is the biggest part of it," Honest Abe declared. "Great thoughts come out of a great character, and only out of that."

He might have added that a character is as easily seen as your hat. If it's a handsome character some one is always trying to get it away from you.

He came to his own in the lost speech at Bloomington in 1856 when and where a great party was born. Our ship of state was badly barnacled with evil. That day Lincoln was ready to go up on the high mountain of the immortals. He spoke and for the first time it was said that his face was beautiful and that the holy fire was on

his lips. Eternal truth had found a new channel and was flooding through it. The people were lifted above themselves. The reporters forgot to report and the speech written on the backs of envelopes—thrown away—was lost forever.

Now when you put your audience in touch with deep sincerity and the courageous truth for which it thirsts a great thing has happened. A memory is born which is like a spring of living water in the desert.

My friends, was the world ever thirsting as it is today for such a spring as the speech at Gettysburg and the Second Inaugural? And when there is a common thirst it is always allayed. Great men are coming in whose words we shall again feel, the power that whirls the planets. When they have finished with us we shall, I hope, again have a common sense of right and wrong, a common patience and forbearance.

Handsome Dan

(Continued from page 9)

"Here! Who gave you men authority to come in here?"

The men leaped. There was an officer on the stairway, the company commander. "You! Corporal Grey! Who told you to bring these men in here?"

"Why, sir, we were told—the squad leaders—to find billets for the men! I chose—"

"Well, don't choose! Get out of here! I want to sleep here myself!"

The men were dying on their feet of fatigue. In the town, every billet that had a plank to keep off the rain would have been taken by now.

"We could fix the captain up a place by himself," began Buchanan, "with a blanket around it—there's room in this cellar for a platoon!"

"You defy my orders?" snarled the captain, almost beside himself. "You dare to disobey me? Get out of here! You, Grey, I reduce you! You're a private again! Get out!"

All had gone up the stairs and into the fog again. In the street the men slung their rifles and stared hopelessly into the dripping night.

"Well, that makes the turn-around for the squad!" said someone. "Everyone in it's been corporal now, even if it was only for an hour! I suppose it'll be my turn to get made again!"

Buchanan Grey came slowly back to the present. He was in Cambridge and not Brasles, and Fritz had long ago ceased to trouble his slumbers. "Funny!" said he, wagging his head. "And they used to call that skipper Handsome Dan! The

build he had, and the swell uniforms he used to wear. Well, he was a dog, too!"

THE yellow car was registered, Buchanan found by referring to his book, in the name of an owner in Shelburne Falls, yet the report of the accident, telephoned by the insured, had given his address as Mortlake Place, Cambridge. This would suggest that the owner of the car was a student, even without the other indication of the theft of the Yale mascot.

"I'd better try him and never mind the police report," muttered Buchanan. "If one of these rah-rah boys is hurt, I'd better cure him with a couple of dollars and a nice red seal, before some mug from the law school tells him he can retire for life at our expense! Public liability takes precedence over Workman's Comp any day! What's the name, now, of the lad that owns that yellow car? Lofford! We'll see what he says!"

Mortlake Place is a sleepy street a little to the north of the University. Professors live in the vicinity, the atmosphere is of England, but more of Ealing Broadway, or of Twickenham, than of London.

Buchanan, having rung the bell of one of the larger houses, inquired of the maid that answered it if Mr. Lofford was at home.

"No, he is not!"

"When do you expect him?"

"I don't know. It's a Saturday night. He might not be home until Monday."

"I see," said Buchanan sadly. "Will you tell him that a man from the Eagle Liability was here about his accident, and

that I'll try to get in touch with him by phone? Thank you."

He was turning away, and the door was closing, when a voice called from the interior.

"Ann, is that somebody for Mr. Lofford?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Show him in! I'd like to talk to him."

The door again swung wide, and Buchanan entered. A lady not much older than he advanced to meet him.

"I am Mrs. Haddam," she said. "I own this house. Are you a friend of Lofford's?"

"No, ma'am," replied Buchanan. "I am his representative in a way. He has had a little accident with his automobile, and I'd like to ask him about it."

"Won't you come in?" invited the lady.

She led him into a living room, rather roughly furnished, and with a Harvard banner on the wall. The place shrieked of a college lodging house. The only article of furniture that had the slightest individual note was a large photograph in a silver frame, that occupied a central position on the table, a photograph of a broad-shouldered young man, looking boldly upon the world with out-thrust chin.

"I can tell you," said Mrs. Haddam, sitting down, "a little something about that accident. Mr. Lofford was not in the car. Some of his friends had—had borrowed it. They came here and told him they had had an accident, and had had to leave the car. The police had towed it to a garage, and he has gone down to see about it."

"Ah!" commented Buchanan. "So he wasn't driving it! That's important, Mrs. Haddam, because if he wasn't driving it, we may not be responsible. Do you know if these people had permission to use it?"

"No. Because Mr. Lofford came home from the game raging, and said someone had taken his car from the parking space, and would probably crack it up in the fog. He was right, wasn't he?"

"He was," sighed Buchanan, his eyes on the photograph. He reached into his pocket for his statement paper. "That's a nice looking picture," he went on, to distract Mrs. Haddam's attention as he prepared to write down her story. "One of the boys in the house?"

HOW did you know there were boys here?" demanded Mrs. Haddam quickly.

Buchanan smiled, and waved his hand about as though to indicate the impersonality of the furniture, the piles of magazines, the golf clubs in the corner, the tennis rackets in another, and a distant rack that held four different lengths of overcoats.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haddam, understanding. "You're very observing!"

Buchanan did not think that he should add that he had further observed that the photograph bore a dedication, "To my darling, from Jack," and that since it held the place of honor in the room, it was highly probable that Mrs. Haddam was the darling referred to.

"Mrs. Haddam," he began, watching her closely, "you can help me a great deal on this matter, and I'll tell you how. We protect Mr. Lofford against any claim that is brought against him because he is the owner of the car, and against any person that was using it with his permission. But if it was taken without his knowledge and consent, neither he nor we are responsible for any damage the people who took the car caused. But we've got to be sure of our ground. Now let me ask you this question. At what time this afternoon did you first see Mr. Lofford?"

"At five-thirty, right after the game."

"How did you know what time it was?"

"Because there is a radio program that I always listen to that finishes at five-thirty, and I had just shut off the machine and gone out into the hall when Mr. Lofford came in."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Ye—yes."

"What about?"

"See here," said Mrs. Haddam with some anger in her tone, "what is the purpose of this cross examination?"

"Well," said Buchanan diffidently, "I am not cross examining you, but if you could remember you spoke to him, then you could remember exactly what time it was, and be sure he wasn't driving the car and all that."

"It's none of your business what I said to him!"

"No," agreed Buchanan idly, "of course

not!" His eye had returned to the picture in the frame. The face was vaguely familiar. Where had he seen that sneering upper lip?

"By God!" cried Buchanan. "That's Handsome Dan! Of course! His name was Haddam!"

"What do you know about Handsome Dan?" shrieked Mrs. Haddam. "You're a spy! Come here snooping around—"

"I don't blame you for being ashamed of it!" muttered Buchanan.

"I'm not ashamed of it! I didn't steal him! I only promised to keep him down cellar until they could come after him!"

"Yeh, I was thinking about that tonight. He likes to sleep in cellars. He drove me out of one once!"

"Oh! Do you know the dog then?"

"Do I know him?" cried Buchanan. "He was my company commander during the war!"

Mrs. Haddam looked at Buchanan with horror.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Your husband! This lad here! I'd know him if I were to meet him on the Heavenly Shore!"

"He was never in the Army! Handsome Dan is the Yale mascot! I've got him down cellar!"

"Yow! Well, you tell yours, and then I'll tell mine!"

Mrs. Haddam's story was brief. Certain of her lodgers had conceived the idea of stealing the Yale dog, and of causing him to perform various humiliating acts, such as licking the feet of the statue of John Harvard, and the like, afterward.

THEY had, apparently without Mr. Lofford's consent, taken his car to perform the theft, had an accident, and fled home, bearing the dog with them, and he was now concealed in the cellar until such time as they could find means to spirit him away again. While she spoke, Buchanan Grey observed her with distaste. She was just the kind his old company commander would pick out to marry, a sort of fluffy, brainless, ever-whining, discontented woman, that was much sought after as a girl, popular because of her clinging vine attitude, but that would very soon pall as a wife, as angel cake would for a steady diet.

"And now," she finished, "why did you call my husband Handsome Dan?"

"That was his name. He was my company commander for a long time. They called him Handsome Dan so much, or some other name, that I had forgotten his name was Haddam. John Haddam. He went to Yale, I heard. Played football, too."

"He certainly did."

"Nice guy! To keep his own college mascot in his house so that Harvard men could make a bum out of him!"

"He didn't keep him! I kept him! I didn't go to Yale! My husband is away—away on a trip—he isn't home—" Mrs. Haddam burst into (Continued on page 62)

"COME OUT, FIDO

-FRED WON'T

BITE YOU!"



FIDO'S no man's fool! He isn't afraid of Fred's teeth, but he IS leary of the heavy tear-gas that puffs out of Fred's never-cleaned briar.

They tell us Fred is a dog-lover, but they can't tell us he's a pipe-lover or he'd groom his briar now and then and switch to a pleasanter tobacco. Like Sir Walter Raleigh. This unusual blend of friendly Kentucky Burleys has trotted to the front rank in popularity because it really IS milder, cooler, delightfully fragrant. Try a tin . . . and hear your friends yelp for joy!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation

Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. A-52



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

Handsome Dan

(Continued from page 61)

tears, and rocked back and forth in her chair, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Well," said Buchanan hurriedly, "I'll be going. Thanks for the information. I'll call Mr. Lofford Monday!"

Mrs. Haddam's sobbing stopped, as though she controlled herself with a violent effort.

"Don't go!" she cried, seizing Buchanan's arm. "You must listen. You knew him. He never told me he was in the Army. He was a liar anyway. But you recognized his picture! Listen! He went away three years ago! He never could get a job! He was too proud for the things they offered him. I taunted him! We owed so much money! And he went away! He said he would come back when he had made good, when he could come back with flying colors. But he never did."

Buchanan, looking down at her, could see why he never would, either.

"I'm sorry about this," said he, "but I can't help it. Good night."

Mrs. Haddam accompanied him to the door. "Isn't it queer," said she, "that they should name that dog after my husband?"

"Not if he went to Yale, too!"

"I don't see the connection."

"No," smiled Buchanan, "but if you'd been in his outfit you would!"

IN BOSTON, half an hour later, the fog still wreathed the hospital. The night superintendent regarded Buchanan Grey with distaste.

"You can see the patient, but no statement! No talking, understand?"

"Well, what good will it do to see him? I want to sew up this dependency question before he kicks off! He's got no next of kin—I want him to say so!"

"Give him a transfusion, and tomorrow you can talk all you want to!"

"Say, do you think I'm a walking tank of life-giving fluid for the benefit of all concerned? Well, I'm not! Listen. You let me talk to this guy, or we don't pay a nickel for hospital expenses. He's got no family, so you'll be stuck, and have to bury him, too!"

The night superintendent rose.

"Follow me!" she said bitterly. "I'd like to get you in here as a patient some day!"

They went to the second floor, to a private room, darkened, except for a dim light beside the bed, where another nurse sat patiently. The patient's face was in the shadow, but his eyes were open, and he was conscious, for at the sound of footsteps they could see his eyeballs glint as his glance shifted. The night superintendent put her hand on Buchanan's arm as he seemed about to start forward, and tightened her fingers like a vise.

"Oh," cried Buchanan, "this is perfect. I knew it all along! Nurse, I know this bird. Let me speak to him, and you can pump me dry afterward!"

"On your honor?"

"On my honor!"

Buchanan went over to the bed and looked down at the face on the pillow. The patient had been shaved, his hair was combed, but he was deathly white.

"You louse!" whispered Buchanan. "You low livered illegitimate! I knew you the minute I came in the door! What do you mean your name is John Squires? It's John Haddam, better known as Handsome Dan!"

The face on the pillow remained calm.

"You don't remember me, but I remember you! I'm Private Grey! Ex-corporal!

Remember now? You put a gun on me, once, in front of Forges, and sent me back into the flames of hell! Remember that? Do you know what? They just asked me to save your life! To give some blood so that you could live! Listen to me! I know you! Remember the night you kicked me out of the cellar at Brasles? You think you're going to kick off, don't you? Well, you aren't, because I'm going to save you! They could wring me as dry as a squeezed orange if it would keep you alive. Ah! That makes your eyes flicker, huh? I know your wife, too. She wants you to come back to her. I'll tell her where you are. Boy, she'd certainly like to see you again! I told her you were my captain in the war! I told her why they named the Yale dog after you, too. I said they knew you!"

The patient's lips drew back from his gritted teeth.

"You gut eater!" he said huskily, "I wouldn't have you keep me alive—"

"No," said Buchanan, "that's just the point. But you can't help yourself!" He turned away from the bed, and smiled at the night super. "Just a pair of old buddies! Now take me away, and let's get ready for this thing. If I haven't got the right number of corpuscles, it will break my heart!"

In the hall the iron-jawed night super turned on Buchanan.

"I know you insurance men!" she said coldly. "And I heard some of the things you said to that patient. You never went through with this transfusion because he was your old buddy! What was it? Come clean!"

"I found out he had a wife!" grinned Buchanan. "If he dies, it would cost us four thousand dollars!"

1935: The Legion's Greatest Year

(Continued from page 21)

so vast in its entirety that someone would have to say which recommendations should be pressed for action immediately, and which should wait for later action.

The National Executive Committee therefore drew up a program of major legislation, and another program of secondary legislation. It designated four subjects on the major legislative program, the same four subjects which every Legionnaire knows stand out like mountain peaks among the seventy or more assorted recommendations of the convention. These four are:

The immediate payment of the face value of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates with cancellation of interest accrued and refund of interest paid.

The fulfilment of the fourth point of our Four Point Program, so "that in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of deceased World War veterans be without government protection."

The American Legion plan for Universal Service including the conscription of capital, industry and man-power in the event of war and the use of each in the service of the nation without special preference or profit.

The comprehensive provisions for strengthening the Army, Navy and Air Forces and our national defense generally as recommended by the Miami convention in twenty-five resolutions.

This is a legislative program in which every Legionnaire may take pride. It is

simple and plain, and we may all work for it with undivided energies. We shall in this year bring out each and every one of these proposals into full view, explain them one and all to Congress and to the American people. We shall spare no pains to bring about a general understanding of their rightness, their justice. We believe that each one will win because it deserves to win, will win on its merits. We believe that the interests of the nation demand that all four of them shall be written into laws passed by Congress.

There are sixty resolutions on the secondary legislative program, and these will not be forgotten. We must not, however, scatter our fire, nor allow ourselves to be weakened by the familiar process of keep-

ing too many irons in the fire at one time. Our National Legislative Committee and National Rehabilitation Committee will constantly seek to promote the lesser measures of the secondary program, while we call upon the whole American people to enlist with us in our campaign for the four broad measures of our major program.

The measures constituting the secondary legislative program are mainly those which were summarized in the report of the Miami National Convention which was published in the January issue of *The American Legion Monthly*.

The legislative program, of course, is only one of a dozen of other important Legion programs for the year. We have said plainly that Americanism shall be our primary activity. There is also, as always, the rehabilitation program. Besides our effort to obtain enactment of the fourth point of the Four Point Program, there are scores of other objectives which we must try to reach in our continuing effort to help the disabled service man. Then there is the child welfare program, more important than ever before in a year which will bring to children everywhere new deprivations, new suffering, because the effects of long depression are cumulative. It is little wonder that Commander Belgrano arranged to have all Child Welfare Endowment Fund Earnings expended on direct relief for children.

Problems have a habit of piling up. This country has, ostrich fashion, refused to face the realities of our national defense needs. Hoping against hope that nations would get together in some workable plan to insure peace, we have been postponing additions and improvements to the Army, Navy and our air forces. Now, with the atmosphere of the whole world charged with the menace of coming wars, we can delay no longer. The United States must put its house in order. Everywhere we see nations in arms. There is only one course for us. We too must make our national defense adequate. The Legion's National Defense Committee is given the responsibility of presenting to the country and to Congress the recommendations on national defense made by the Miami convention. We have a special duty in this. Our fellow citizens who did not serve do not know as we know the true seriousness of the situation. We must tell them the facts, and tell them in a manner so that our motives can not be misunderstood. Then we must insist on action.

There is the problem of the education of our war orphans, the problem of the Legion's own present and future financial needs, the problem of America's international relations. A standing American Legion committee has been assigned to study each one of these subjects, to devise for us our future procedure, to inform us what should be done.

Now it would be easy to make these American Legion committees in this year mere perfunctory and honorary bodies. Human inertia must always be reckoned with. In times like these every individual

is loaded down with his personal problems and troubles, disinclined perhaps to take on the problems and troubles of others. Something must be done to make him see the importance of united action in causes which he may think are of little direct concern or interest to him. We are doing that something.

National Commander Belgrano has named as the chairmen of our important national standing committees the ablest leaders of the whole Legion. He has asked them one and all to energize, to vitalize, the activities under their direction. He has called upon them to make each Legion program a crusade in itself, a mighty effort whose success will tie in with everything else being done, all to the end that 1935 may truly be made the greatest year in Legion history. The times call for just such a year, and we can make it just that.

Commander Belgrano has named Sam Reynolds of Nebraska as chairman of our National Finance Committee. He is known to most Legionnaires by reason of his long service on the National Executive Committee, by his courageous addresses at national conventions. He succeeds General Wilder S. Metcalf who, now in his eightieth year, is ill at his home in Kansas, whose services as the head of our finance committee for twelve years have immortalized him in Legion history.

J. Ray Murphy of Iowa has been made chairman of the National Americanism Commission and Vilas Whaley of Wisconsin the chairman of the National Legislative Committee. They are outstanding in their own States and in the Legion's national affairs. They bring to their committees the sort of leadership that this year demands. Every Legionnaire may find pride in them as his representatives.

Watson B. Miller, as chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, is too well known to require any comment. The work of the National Rehabilitation Committee has been most ably supported by its capable Vice-Chairman, E. V. Cliff, of Minnesota, who will serve in the same capacity during 1935.

Judge Wilbur Alter of Colorado heads the National Child Welfare Committee. Thomas H. Healy, assistant dean of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., is chairman of the National Defense Committee. General P. C. Harris of Georgia will again lead the Committee on Education of War Orphans. H. Nelson Jackson of Vermont continues to head the Foreign Relations Committee. Charles R. Mabey, former Governor of Utah, heads the Law and Order Committee. And, so on down the line. Every national committee is directed this year by a Legionnaire of commanding ability and notable record. The full list is published elsewhere in this issue. The members of each committee have been selected carefully, to give adequate representation to each State and with every consideration to special qualifications.

At the end of (*Continued on page 64*)

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1935: The Legion's Greatest Year

(Continued from page 63)

each football season, the experts pick an All-American team, composed of the foremost players of all teams. National Commander Belgrano has made his list of committee chairmen an all-star team. The names of most of them already stand for great accomplishments in and out of the Legion. I know that their work this year will add new fame to those names and new glory to the Legion.

The National Executive Committee unanimously approved National Commander Belgrano's appointments of committee chairmen. It heard addresses by many of those chairmen. It gave its stamp of full approval to the whole 1935 program drawn up as it met in Indianapolis, and as it disbanded to return to the forty-eight States it carried with it the vision of the mighty reckoning of results which will be rendered at the St. Louis National Convention in September.

Among the outstanding actions of the committee were

Selected September 23 to 26 as the dates for the St. Louis National Convention. Received invitations for the 1936 national convention from Los Angeles, Cleveland and Atlantic City.

Elected Past National Commander James A. Drain to the two offices of National Treasurer and National Judge Advocate. He will serve upon a full-time, salaried basis. National Commander Belgrano indicated that he considered the election of Mr. Drain to give his full time to these two important offices another step forward in the direction of business efficiency in the national organization.

Re-elected Frank E. Samuel of Kansas as National Adjutant and Thomas M. Owen, Jr., of Alabama as National Historian; and reappointed Vic MacKenzie of Oregon as National Convention Liaison Officer.

Adopted a resolution urging all service men to refrain from joining in any movement for the assembling of World War veterans in Washington while Congress is considering the bill for the immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates.

Conferred upon General P. C. Harris, chairman of the Legion's National Education of War Orphans Committee since 1926, The American Legion's Certificate of Honor.

Received announcements of the appointments of Homer L. Chaillaux of California as director of the National Americanism Commission and Harold K. Philips of the District of Columbia as National Publicity Director.

Reverend Robert J. White of Washington, D. C., American Vice President for Fidac for 1935, reported on Fidac's 1934 congress held in London and attended by a delegation of Legionnaires headed by Past National Commander Louis Johnson, 1934 American Vice President for Fidac. Father White discussed frankly some unfavorable aspects of Fidac but recommended that The American Legion continue its membership on a trial basis.

Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, in his report emphasized the increasing magnitude of the problem of caring for veterans with mental and nervous diseases, citing 21,500 patients now under Government care and an estimated peak of 40,000 to be reached in 1949. As need for tuberculosis hospitals lessens, these hospitals can be made available for neuro-psychiatric cases.

Vilas Whaley of Wisconsin, chairman of the National Legislative Committee, and John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman, spoke on the adjusted compensation proposal and other features of the legislative program. Mr. Whaley said that the adjusted compensation resolution adopted at Miami had converted by its fairness and sound statement of the Legion's position many who have been opposed to payment of certificates at this time.

Mr. Taylor said that Congress itself will demand a sum in excess of \$15,000,000,000 for various purposes during the session starting in January, in which is included the \$2,137,975,157 estimated necessary for the payment of adjusted compensation certificates. He said that with governmental receipts running behind expenditures in the current fiscal year by more

than \$1,000,000,000, appropriations are bound to fall far short of demands. The balance of power on adjusted compensation and other proposals for new spending lies with newly-elected Senators and Representatives who did not commit themselves during their campaigns.

Mr. Taylor said that legislation calling for enactment of the fourth point of the Legion Four Point Program, to give protection to widows and orphans of deceased veterans, would be presented to Congress immediately when it convened, along with the proposal on adjusted compensation.

Dr. Thomas H. Healy, chairman of the National Defense Committee, said that the defense problem is largely one of acquainting all Americans with the true facts about their country's immediate need to strengthen its armed forces. Dr. Healy declared this should be accomplished by co-operation with other organizations in some form of national defense council.

Bryce P. Beard, national chairman of the Sons of The American Legion, reported a total of 878 squadrons already formed, with 200 in Pennsylvania alone. Membership in 1934 had risen to 20,730.

There were other committee reports, many debates on questions of Legion policy, the adoption of many resolutions in addition to those to which I have referred. All in all, this meeting last November gave overwhelming proof that The American Legion would enter 1935 in a new spirit of unity, with new and greater driving force, and with new consciousness of its obligations to its country and the thousands of communities it serves.

Now, as we go forward in 1935, we find that we have in our favor all those factors which will produce the greatest results the Legion has ever gained. We have the leadership, we have the program, we have early strength of numbers, we have the advantage of improving business conditions in the country; in short, we have everything necessary to raise the Legion this year to new heights of membership, influence and public confidence. We can and will make this the greatest year of Legion history.

THE LEGION'S ESTIMATED BUDGET FOR 1935

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following statement has been prepared by the National Finance Committee, composed of Sam W. Reynolds of Nebraska, chairman; Edgar B. Dunlap of Georgia and Earl F. Knoob of California, and is published in accordance with the mandate of the Miami National Convention.*

THE Miami convention ordered that the budget for The American Legion be

published in The American Legion Monthly.

In accordance with that mandate, the budget for the year 1935, unanimously adopted by the National Executive Committee at its meeting in Indianapolis, held November 23d and 24th, is herewith presented.

The purpose of the convention mandate was to inform every member of our organization of the source of income and the proposed expenditures for the ensuing year.

In the preparation of the budget several factors must be taken into account. Income must be estimated, not only in the light of past experience, but with a view to the possibilities of the coming year and new Legion activities. Proposed expenditures must not only be measured by the requirements of the many convention man-

dates, both past, present and accumulative, but by necessity must be segregated and limited by funds available.

The budget is presented in the table immediately below. In order that the ar-

angement of the budget as presented may be fully understood, following the table there are presented by the National Finance Committee statements explaining each item referred to in the table.

ESTIMATED BUDGET FOR 1935

Income:

General revenue		
Membership 900,000 members	\$225,000.00
Membership "Sons of The American Legion" 40,000 members	10,000.00
Emblem Division		
Earnings of Reserve Fund	50,000.00
Discount taken	16,000.00
Interest earned		
Interest on investment in Washington Office Bldg. (\$132,000 @ 4%)	\$5,280.00
Interest on inventory of Emblem merchandise (\$30,000.00 @ 4%)	1,200.00
Pro rata compensation of National Judge Advocate		
American Legion Auxiliary	1,000.00
Legion Publishing Corporation	1,000.00
Emblem Division	300.00
Dividend from Legion Publishing Corporation (Wholly owned subsidiary)	2,300.00
		75,000.00
		386,280.00
*Funds for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare:		
Endowment Fund Corporation	164,600.00
American Legion Auxiliary for Rehabilitation	25,000.00
American Legion Auxiliary for Child Welfare	10,000.00
Forty and Eight, for Child Welfare	3,500.00
Total estimated income	\$589,380.00

Expense: (General Funds)

Administration	\$88,856.95
Membership Card Section	11,890.00
Less: 50% paid by Legion Publishing Corp.	5,945.00
Americanism	27,613.80
Legislative	20,551.40
Publicity	34,497.50
Finance	20,236.95
Executive	76,340.00
Rehabilitation	72,674.10
Child Welfare Administration	17,507.00
		364,222.70

*Paid from funds for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare

Rehabilitation		
One half from Endowment Fund Corp.	82,300.00
American Legion Auxiliary	25,000.00
Child Welfare		
Emergency Aid		
(one half of the income from Endowment Fund Corp.)	82,300.00
Special Service to Departments (American Legion Auxiliary)	10,000.00
Area Conferences (Forty and Eight)	3,500.00
Estimated reserve against membership	95,800.00
Total estimated expense	22,057.30
		\$589,380.00

INCOME

MEMBERSHIP. In the light of present membership activity, it was unanimously agreed that it was safe to look forward to a minimum membership of 900,000 for the year 1935. By convention mandate 25 cents of the national per capita tax is directed to the general revenue of The American Legion, and using the estimate of 900,000 members, we have an estimated income from this source of \$225,000.

SONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION. The committee unanimously feels that this estimate, representing 40,000 members, will be fulfilled. It is of course understood that all funds in the conduct of this organization are expended from the general funds under the Administration Division.

EMBLEM DIVISION. This estimated income is derived from the sale of buttons, caps, regalia, jewelry, etc., through this Division, and it is accumulated not because of a large profit on the articles so sold, but rather because of the volume of sales accruing through the million and a half prospective buyers of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary.

RESERVE FUND. The National Treasurer has submitted an actual account of these earnings, which can be expected from the Reserve Funds of the Legion.

DISCOUNTS TAKEN. The American Legion pays its bills promptly, and avails itself of all discounts.

INTEREST EARNED. In order that proper charges might be set up for accounting purposes, the National Organization credits itself with \$5,280, representing interest at 4 percent on our investment of \$132,000 in the real estate holdings occupied by our Washington offices. Likewise, \$1,200 is credited representing interest at 4 percent on our investment of \$30,000 in the merchandise inventory of the Emblem Division.

NATIONAL JUDGE ADVOCATE. The compensation of the National Judge Advocate is paid from the general funds of the organization under the division of Executive Expense. However, certain income is derived from subsidiaries of The American Legion for legal advice which the National Judge Advocate renders these subsidiaries. Therefore, in this item of income, there is listed the sum of \$1,000 to be received from the American Legion Auxiliary and The Legion Publishing Corporation, respectively, and \$300 from the Emblem Division.

DIVIDENDS FROM THE LEGION PUBLISHING (Continued on page 66)

WHY YOU HAVE acid INDIGESTION



New Facts About Gassy Fullness, Heartburn, etc.

A New, Faster, Safer Relief

You have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion because hasty eating, wrong food combinations or other conditions cause over-acidity of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalinize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys.

The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy, mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

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THE LEGION'S ESTIMATED BUDGET FOR 1935

(Continued from page 65)

CORPORATION. The American Legion Monthly is published by the Legion Publishing Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary of The American Legion. The principal income for the publication of this magazine is derived by convention mandate and the receipt of 75 cents of every dollar received as national per capita tax. With this income and the income from advertising, the Legion Publishing Corporation has been able to show a profit, which is diverted back to the "owner of the corporation," The American Legion, by payment of a dividend on the stock.

FUNDS FOR REHABILITATION AND CHILD WELFARE. These funds come from specific sources and are earmarked for specific purposes. Income from the Endowment Fund can be used only for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare. The generosity and loyalty of the Auxiliary

makes possible special funds also for these purposes, and the Forty and Eight makes it possible to hold area conferences on Child Welfare.

EXPENSE

The items under this head, and set forth opposite each of the various Divisions of National Headquarters, are practically all self-explanatory. They compose the budget of expenditures as approved by the National Executive Committee, and not only take into account the requirements of the accumulated mandates of sixteen national conventions, but are limited to keep within the income for the ensuing year.

Particular attention is directed to the item listed as "Paid from Funds for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare." Here it will be noted that earmarked funds go where they are intended to go—one-half

of the Endowment Fund earnings to Rehabilitation and one-half to Child Welfare. It is important to note that in addition to the sum of \$107,300 for Rehabilitation under this item, an additional \$72,674.10 coming from membership dues is also devoted to this most important work. It is also important to understand that in addition to the \$95,800 allocated to Child Welfare under this item, a sum of \$17,507 is budgeted under "Child Welfare Administration" which means that the entire administration cost of Child Welfare is paid for out of dues, leaving every penny of the Endowment Fund earnings for direct emergency aid.

Respectfully submitted,
THE NATIONAL FINANCE COMMITTEE
Sam W. Reynolds, Chairman
Edgar B. Dunlap
Earl F. Knoob

The Bad News

(Continued from page 19)

Dr. Max Cutler, noted cancer specialist of Chicago, gives these startling figures: "Exacting a toll of more than 100,000 lives annually in the United States and ranking second as the principal cause of death, exceeded only by heart disease, cancer has become in the United States a major problem of health. One in ten of the men and women in the United States today is destined to die of cancer and one out of five of all the women who die between the age of forty-five and sixty-five succumb to this malady."

The mounting demand for attention on the part of the Administration for veterans who are suffering from cancer suggests at once a consideration of the fact that that organization is facing and meeting a problem comparatively new so far as its subjects are concerned and one not contemplated in the original program for ex-soldier relief. The Administration, incidentally, has placed its facilities at the disposal of the world in the study of the cause and cure of cancer. The records and files of the Hines Facility are available to any and all who may care to use them in the study of cancer, I am told by the manager. The diversity of cases and the wide range of severity of the malignancies make these files rich in the scientific data for the study of cancer. Representatives of foreign governments have taken advantage of the opportunity to study the system and files at Hines. Cancer specialists over this country have come to regard Hines as an interesting and authoritative source of information and it has been my privilege to meet some of these noted men.

Let us, as laymen, take a peep at these files. For instance, probably you would be interested to learn more patients come to Hines with cancer on their lips than in any other part of the body. According to figures compiled covering the period from January 1, 1931, to January 1, 1934, 341 patients who registered in the tumor clinic were suffering from cancer of the lip. Second to lip cancers we find the stomach cancers, numbering 112. The nose is a close third as a location for cancer with a total of 111 during that period.

The prevalence of smoking suggests itself at once to one studying these figures. The question arises as to whether or not smoking superinduces cancer. When questioned on this particular point, Dr. Turner defended the habit by explaining that lip disturbances were easily seen and easily diagnosed. "It is entirely possible that we receive a greater percentage of those who are suffering from lip cancers but that doesn't mean that that percentage is an accurate gauge when we take into consideration the hundreds of cases that are never brought to our notice," he said.

We see also that climate has little or nothing to do with cancer. Texas ranks second in the number of cancer patients sent to Hines, with a total of 120, while none were registered from Maine, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Rhode Island or Vermont. Registrations from Illinois amounted to 527. During this period, January 1, 1931, to January 1, 1934, 13.81 percent of all patients entered at Hines were diagnosed and treated as malignant cancer patients.

Since I have been forced to become customer of this comparatively new industry, so to speak, I have found that I can and have become interested in a somewhat impersonal manner. Aside from my very vital interest in the cause and cure of cancer, I have become interested in the disease as it affects humanity generally. I have taken the trouble to read from specialists and have not hesitated to ask questions of those who are making cancer a life study. I have learned, for instance, that cancer is not infectious but is caused from malignant cells. The cause of these malignant cells has never been determined with any degree of exactitude satisfactory to medical science. The fact that a cancer usually appears in tissues that have been injured by a bruise, a disease or some sort of irritation has been established and the fact that there are different grades of cancer has been learned.

The problem facing the cancer clinic, once the diagnosis has been made, is to remove the malignant cells. This little problem involves the decision as to whether surgery should be used, whether radium should be employed or whether the patient should be subjected to deep X-ray therapy. In case radium or X-ray is elected, the question is that of concentration and severity. The good cells, so far as possible, must be preserved while their malignant neighbors are being executed.

Ordinarily, no cure of cancer is pronounced until after a period of five years of observation. It is the policy of the Administration clinics that patients who have been given treatment shall report back for

check-ups periodically. These follow-up examinations and treatments are extremely important in the clinic's program.

The greatest factor in the success of the fight against cancer, however, is one over which the Administration has no control. Early diagnosis and treatment contribute more to the ultimate success of modern treatment of cancer than any other items to be considered and the efforts of the Government clinics toward a general reduction in the number of deaths among the ex-soldiers from tumor disturbances suffer an extreme handicap by misinformation on the part of physicians and indifference on the part of the patients themselves who, rather than admit the possibility of a malignancy, permit lumps and diseased tissues to remain in status quo, hoping that they are suffering only from a temporary disturbance, until a cancer has developed and grown to dangerous proportions. This situation, incidentally, is one cause of the high death rate in the United States, generally.

Speaking as a representative of the Administration's tumor personnel Dr. Scott said: "Half of our battle would be won if we could overcome these obstacles." Furthermore, living examples in men who have received treatment at Hines during the early stages of their trouble testify to the accuracy of Dr. Scott's statement. We must remember, first, that veterans are entering the age when each and all of them come within the group susceptible to cancer.

The treatment for carcinoma must, in its very nature, be very expensive. Private institutions charge from \$10 to \$150 per treatment for X-ray therapy or radium. This does not include board, lodging or nurse service. Many cases demand as many as twenty-five treatments, besides surgery and many days in a hospital. Figure it out for yourself about what a veteran would have to pay for a cancer cure, provided he had received an early and correct diagnosis, were it not for the Veterans Administration facilities.

The thought of the potentialities of this phase of the Administration's relief is appalling when we recall the program demanding re-admissions and renewed treatments and when we consider the fact that a very large percent of the male population of America is now within the cancer age and becomes with the passing of each year more susceptible to this treacherous malady. It is evident at once that the Federal Government, through the Veterans Administration, has taken over a large slice of the cancer problem of the United States. On the other hand, our nation for the first time is equipped with an organization adequate for definite steps toward conquering cancer.

Facilities for caring for cancer cases among the veterans must grow if the program is to be maintained. The alternative is a continued mounting toll among the victims in this nation with no progress made toward a victory for science.

The probability is that the majority of you who read this article will assume an air of reserved pity. You will reason as you do when you read of a fatal automobile accident. You will read of the large number of victims and you will continue to believe that, through some self-imposed superiority, you will escape. That is exactly what I thought. That is what we all thought. Smug in this philosophy, some of us came to our senses perhaps too late.

With all of our wisecracks and superficial pleasantries, however, an expert psychologist is not needed to find that our tumor section is composed of men characterized by a vein of grim seriousness. As we go through the routine of the day, there is a very definite purpose behind it all. We are quite interested in the progress of our fellow and rejoice in his cure. We have come to have faith in the Administration's facilities.

Having been benefited by the Administration's cancer treatment, I can speak with authority on the gratitude felt by an ex-soldier for this branch of its program of veterans' relief.

The Legion Way Is The American Way

(Continued from page 17)

of American Government which cannot be revised in an orderly manner to suit the demands of our citizens. That is the strength of our democracy.

The time has come to drive from our midst the agents of alien tenets. We must cast them out and close the gates on them permanently. To that end we shall press upon Congress the need for strengthening our immigration and naturalization laws to protect America against enemy aliens in times of peace as well as war. If the propagandists of Communism had spread their un-American doctrines in 1917 and 1918 we would have dealt with them summarily. They are more dangerous today, when millions of our people are suffering

from economic depression, than they would have been during the World War.

We shall carry this fight against Communism and all of its subsidiaries and every influence that is subversive of good Americanism. Through special Americanism chairmen in the legislative district and other political subdivisions we shall keep a close watch on the kind of Americans elected to public office. We propose to wage this battle in every field in which the enemies of America operate. We have declared war; no quarter is asked, none will be given. We need you, and I am asking you to render the same kind of service in 1935 that you gave so patriotically and victoriously in '17 and '18.

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Circulation Manager,
The American Legion Monthly,
P. O. Box 1357,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

It's Everybody's Job

(Continued from page 11)

war itself. Conscription of capital investments representing the ownership of these facilities would present difficulties equally embarrassing.

Such measures have never been contemplated because they are unnecessary to the achievement of the goal in view, which is to take the profit out of war. In 1922 The American Legion laid before Congress a trial bill to be used as a basis of study. This bill proposed the drafting of men, the control of wages, prices and profits. Yet unfortunately it was popularly known as the Universal Draft Bill, and the name has stuck. The time has come to give it its proper title of Universal Service. This will clarify the issue and actually help in the enactment of the necessary legislation.

In 1922 the Legion's proposals dealt with a principle. It did not assume to usurp the prerogatives of Congress by recommending specific legislation except as a means of arousing interest and inducing the proper agencies of the Government to make an official study of the subject. The principle put forward by the Legion was this: In time of national emergency each shall serve where his service will be most useful to the common cause; the rewards and burdens of such service shall be more equally distributed than heretofore; and there shall be no monetary profit above the peacetime normal for any one.

The Legion advocated this as a peace measure, calculated to make war less likely by removing the incentive to pecuniary profit. The Legion advocated it as a preparedness measure calculated to make a military effort more effective by throwing every ounce of the nation's energy into the struggle. The Legion advocated it as a measure of simple justice and equity.

Yet there has been opposition, furtive but effective opposition, originating largely with certain groups identified with both capital and labor which profited so greatly during the last war and will profit during another one unless this proposed legislation is actually put into effect. Its tactics have been those of delay. Its arguments have been those of evasion, based on the hypothesis that Universal Service is an impractical dream.

Universal Service is not an impractical dream.

The American Legion's original pronouncement was not made without careful consideration of every detail and possible weakness of the proposal. In the course of these researches the Legion's representatives found that the War Department had gone over the same ground and arrived at the same conclusions. It found that many distinguished civilians had done likewise. Most notable of these was Mr. Baruch, who had charge of the mobilization of industry—labor and capital—for the war. The late Field Marshal von Hindenburg

in his memoirs declared that this was America's most telling contribution to the war. No one knows the story of industry's participation in the war as Baruch knows it—and he says the job could have been done better under a Universal Service Law.

For eight years the Legion's proposal was before Congress without definite action. This time was not wasted, however. It was a period of further research and public education. Never once did the opposition openly show itself. No one disputed the desirability of the goal in view. The only question was whether the idea of putting war on a non-profit basis was possible of realization. And this question was restricted to the participation of labor and capital. That soldiers should continue to fight without profit was taken for granted, and, indeed, changes in the administration of the Selective Service Act of 1917 to curb slackerism by plugging up industrial exemption loopholes were agreed upon.

In 1930 Congress created the War Policies Commission to study and report on the industrial phases of the Universal Draft idea. The Chairman of this body was the Secretary of War. Other members were the Secretaries of Navy, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, the Attorney General, four Senators and four Representatives equally divided along political lines. The Commission began its hearings in the spring of 1931 when distinguished witnesses representing every group and interest involved gave their views. Following these hearings the Commission held protracted executive sessions and in 1932 made public its findings. Legislation was recommended to accomplish these things:

1. Freezing of prices at the inception of war.
2. Recapture by taxation of 95 percent of personal and corporate earnings above the peace-time normal, so that incomes which escape price freezing will contribute to the conduct of the war instead of swelling private fortunes.
3. A Constitutional amendment to remove any question of the legality of the control of wages, prices and profits during wartime.

These recommendations envision the attainment of the identical ends The American Legion advocated in 1922. Indeed they differ only in detail as to the means by which those ends would be attained. Thus has the Legion's proposal survived the test of time and of relentless examination.

The final phase of the campaign is now upon us. By the time these words see the light of day Mr. Baruch's committee will have reported, and the appropriate bills probably will be before Congress. It would be presumptuous to endeavor to forecast the details of that report at this writing but it can be said that there will

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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
November 30, 1934

Assets

Cash, on deposit and on hand.....	\$ 57,150.76
Notes and accounts receivable.....	56,525.31
Inventory of emblem merchandise...	36,500.41
Invested funds.....	570,868.80
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing	
Corporation.....	\$ 620,237.35
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust.....	181,261.47
Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C.....	132,142.65
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	34,707.64
Deferred charges.....	17,419.49
	\$ 1,706,813.88

Liabilities

Current liabilities.....	\$ 79,644.76
Funds restricted as to use.....	85,827.46
Irrevocable Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust..	181,261.47
Reserve for investment valuation.....	87,714.10
Net worth:	
Restricted capital....	\$700,562.80
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus	\$88,280.04
Investment valuation surplus	\$482,523.25
	\$570,803.29
	\$1,271,366.09
	\$1,706,813.88

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*

It's in the Cards

(Continued from page 69)

writes the Commander of Carlisle Post, David V. Binkley.

Roll Call

LEONARD H. NASON is a member of Cross cup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts, and Kenneth Fuller Camp, who made the illustrations for Mr. Nason's story, belongs to Scarsdale (New York) Post ... Marquis James, who begins a two-part exposition of the Legion's fight for Universal Service in wartime, is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City ... Rupert Hughes belongs to Los Angeles (California) Post ... Ray S. Carney is a Legionnaire of Robstown, Texas ... Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant, is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas

... Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., National Commander, helped found Galileo Post in San Francisco, California ... Dan Edwards belongs to Advertising Men's Post of New York City ... Charles L. Woolley of Providence, Rhode Island, was National Vice-Commander in 1934, and Will Graven, who made the illustrations for Mr. Woolley's article, was one of the founders of Toulouse University Post, which is located in New York City ...

Chairman J. Ray Murphy of the National Americanism Commission holds his Legion membership in Ida Grove, Iowa ... Abian A. Wallgren is Commander of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania ... Dan Sowers belongs to Greenville (Kentucky) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON

Ride 'Em, Doughboy

(Continued from page 42)

two major pleasures in store—the Legion national convention and their own outfit reunions. Announcements of such reunions will appear in these columns as soon as the Company Clerk is advised. The dates are September 23d to 26th. You'd better line up your old gang.

Detailed information regarding the following St. Louis convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion, Harry S. Ressing, comdg. offcr., 233 S. Milwood st., Wichita, Kans., or Carl D. McCarthy, personnel offcr., Kempston, Ind.

4TH DIV. MEN OF MISSOURI.—Write to Carlton E. Dunn, natl. pres., 8514-160th st., Jamaica, N. Y., regarding committee to be organized in your State for national reunion in St. Louis. Include stamped envelope for Chateau-Thierry medal application.

334TH F. A. BAND.—Proposed convention reunion, Leland T. Bugg, Fulton, Ky.

5TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Reunion, P. C. to be announced later. H. C. Billingsley, Prairie du Rocher, Ill.

314TH ENGRS.—Reunion, Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

31ST RY. ENGRS.—7th annual reunion. Report to F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to complete roster.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F.—Tenth annual reunion and meeting in St. Louis, Sept. 23. Miss Helen Wienhusen, natl. adjt., 7 May st., New Haven, Conn.

Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

3N DIV. SOC.—Veterans who send name, address and outfit number to George Dobbs, 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass., will receive free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

4TH DIV.—Natl. Assoc. has had struck a medal commemorating service of 4th Div. in A. E. F. Application blank may be obtained by sending stamped, self-addressed envelope to 4th Div. Natl. Hq., 8514-160th st., Jamaica, N. Y.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—National reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 1-2. Report to Lloyd A. Rader, 514 Linden av., Elizabeth, N. J.

5TH DIV.—Society of 5th Div. has limited number of divisional histories on hand. Order may be placed with J. B. Miller, 273 Hobart st., Perth Amboy, N. J.

35TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Emporia, Kans., Sept. 27-29. Frank Barr, pres., Kansas Gas and Electric Co., Wichita, Kans.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—Annual national reunion and convention, Washington, D. C., July 12-14. Send name, address and outfit to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C., for free copy *Rainbow Reveille*.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—Any man knowing name and place of burial of any Rainbow Div. veteran in Cali-

fornia please report same to Arthur C. Davis, Memorials Committee, Calif. Chap., Rainbow Div. Vets., 2601 S. Figueroa st., Los Angeles.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Membership entitles holder to privileges of clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Send name for free copy of *The Liberty Light*. Jack Simonson, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF.—For roster, report to Secy. Albert G. Boss, 624 Market st., San Francisco.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASH. STATE—For roster, report to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle.

47TH INF., 4TH DIV.—Men who failed to receive

copy of history for which they paid, report to E. Pollard, 2000 Devon rd., Columbus, Ohio.

52N INF. ASSOC.—Now being organized. Proposed reunion, Paul J. Osman, Westboro, Mass.

104TH INF.—10th annual reunion, Athol, Mass., Apr. 26-27. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holystone, Mass.

137TH INF.—Assoc. organized. Reunion, Emporia, Kans., Sept. 28. Wilford Reagle, secy., Emporia.

308TH INF.—Reunion dinner, Governor Clinton Hotel, New York City, Sat., Mar. 30. J. Steinhardt, treas., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

M. G. VETS. ASSOC. 108TH INF.—11th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Sat. Mar. 30. James A. Edwards, 166 Cleveland av., Buffalo.

110TH INF., CO. H.—To complete roster, report to Calvin C. Conley, 194 E. Katherine av., Washington, Pa.

112TH INF., CO. H.—8th annual reunion, Capt. Geary's Camp, Ridgway, Pa., Aug. 8. Chas. F. Geary, pres., Ridgway.

M. G. CO., 330TH INF., 83N DIV.—Proposed reunion. Report to Frank Hutchinson (ex-sgt.), 506 E. Front st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

80TH F. A. 7TH DIV.—Proposed reunion during Legion Dept. convention, Rochester, N. Y., dates to be announced. Louis Palladino, 128 Wentz Terrace, Syracuse, N. Y.

BTY. F., 59TH ART., C. A. C.—Reunion dinner, Triangl Hall, Richmond Hill, N. Y., May 9. John McGrath, 3605 Glenwood rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

313TH FIELD SIG. BN., 88TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Sat., Oct. 5. For information and to complete roster, report to Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

306TH M. G. BN.—Veterans not members of association or of 306th M. G. Bn. Post, A. L., report to J. P. Maunig, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

4TH ENGRS. ASSOC. OF THE NORTHWEST—Annual banquet, Portland, Ore., Sat., Mar. 9. Walter B. Nagel, secy., 317 City Hall, Portland.

13TH ENGRS., RY.—6th annual reunion, Memphis, Tenn., June 22-23. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC. (CENTRAL STATES)—For information write to Bonny H. Benson, secy., 518 N. Cuylar av., Oak Park, Ill.

CO. F, 309TH SUP. TRN. SOC.—9th annual reunion, Harding Hotel, Marion, Ohio, Aug. 10-11. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

267TH AERO SQRNRN, CHANTE FIELD and A. E. F.—Proposed reunion, James R. Boers, 352 N. Hickory st., Champaign, Ill.

NATL. TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Baraboo, Wisc., Feb. 5. Paul L. Stewart, secy., 132-3d st., Baraboo.

U. S. S. DELAWARE ASSOC.—Now being organized. Proposed reunion. Shipmates write to Jack Goldberg, 111 Ellington st., Dorchester, Mass.

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NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

THE United States Supreme Court in December issued a unanimous decision upholding the right of the University of California to suspend students for refusal to take compulsory military training. The decision is of great importance to the nation's national defense because it not only affects students in the California institution but also those in sixty other land-grant colleges and universities throughout the country and in a great many other institutions which give compulsory military training courses in return for Federal aid. More than 100,000 students are enroled in the courses made possible by Federal aid, and students completing these courses supply annually a large number of new officers for the Organized Reserve.

The military training courses are governed by the National Defense Act passed in 1916 and amended in 1920, and are carried out under three different plans. The most important plan is that authorized by Section 40 of the Act. It is known as the R. O. T. C. plan. Under it 91 colleges and universities enroled 66,000 men in compulsory courses in 1932-33, and 35 other institutions enroled 10,194 men in elective courses.

Conscientious objection to the military training courses has produced controversies in many colleges and universities, and many cases based on conscientious objections have found their way to the courts. Lower courts have uniformly upheld college authorities in the right to make the required military course compulsory for all students. The supreme court decision takes out of the realm of controversy most of the points upon which conscientious objectors have based their refusals to drill.

The California case arose from the suspension of two sons of ministers for refusal to take the required courses. The Supreme Court opinion said:

"Government, Federal and State, each in its own sphere owes a duty to the people within its jurisdiction to preserve itself in adequate strength to maintain peace and order, and to assure the just enforcement of law. And every citizen owes the reciprocal duty according to his capacity, to support and defend government against all enemies."

The decision stated further that the "necessity and duty" of every citizen to bear arms in behalf of the nation's defense is paramount and that the compulsory military course does not violate the "due process" clause of the Constitution of the United States.

FARM CENSUS OFFERS JOBS

NEW employment opportunities for World War veterans will be available this year as a result of the 1935 Census of Agriculture which will be conducted by the United States Government. The work will be carried out by 225 district super-

visors and approximately 25,000 enumerators. American Legion Departments have already issued bulletins in many States describing the opportunities offered to qualified veterans. Preference in appointments will be given to farmers, farmers' wives and farmers' sons and daughters. Preference will also be given to properly qualified veterans. The Bureau of the Census has outlined special qualifications of a high order which must be met. States have been divided into districts, each district in charge of a supervisor. An application for appointment as enumerator should be addressed to the district supervisor for the area in which the applicant lives. The name and address of this supervisor, as well as detailed information, is published in the newspapers of his district. No applications should be sent to Washington. It is estimated that an active and energetic enumerator can earn from \$4 to \$5 a day, and the period of employment will be from 15 to 20 days.

NEW HOMES FOR DISABLED

WHEN New Year's Day came, World War veterans were awaiting further details of a plan which had been heralded earlier as promising 10,000 new homes erected by the Government for service men and their families. Under this plan tentatively approved jointly by the Veterans Administration and the Federal Relief Administration, unemployed service men would be assisted in leaving the big cities and finding subsistence homesteads in every State in the Union. The plan, as outlined, is intended to benefit only those veterans drawing compensation, whose families rely upon Government payments.

The plan calls for sale of houses at low cost to families which include at least two children. Houses would be from five to seven rooms and would be sold at an average cost of \$2,500, to be paid for at the rate of \$15 per month, and to be free of debt in fifteen years.

Cost of housing the first contingent of 10,000 veterans and their families was estimated at \$25,000,000, and advocates of the plan expected early efforts in the 1935 Congress to insure that the system would be put into operation.

First announcement of the plan was made in October. A more comprehensive announcement was looked for after Congress assembled for the new session.

NATIONAL DEFENSE WEEK

THE Reserve Officers Association of the United States will sponsor National Defense Week from February 12th to 22d, and, according to Harold J. Baum of Seattle, Washington, chairman of the committee in charge of the observance, the 1,000 chapters of the association have been requested to seek the co-operation of all the Legion posts in their communities in making the observance effective.



FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
LOUISVILLE • BALTIMORE

Try these other famous whiskies: PAUL JONES, ANTIQUE.
OLD OSCAR PEPPER, SHIPPING PORT.

**"I'll take
the old things"**

New things are important
To progress, I'm told;
But you take the new things,
And I'll take the old.

Old houses with beams
That are darkened with age.
Old books with a dog-ear
On 'most every page.

Old slippers whose wrinkles
Are those of my feet.
Old pipes that the years
Have made mellow and sweet.

Old friends who know when
To be silent, when gay,
And who when they talk
Have something to say.

Old Four Roses Whiskey —
And by old, I mean *old* —
With a rich-ripe aroma
And a color like gold.

Not a whiskey like many
Of those that I've seen,
That are tasteless and flat,
Or else fiery and green.

But a whiskey distilled
In the old-fashioned way,
By the methods they followed
In grandfather's day.

Distilled from choice grain,
And aged in the wood —
Aged by Nature herself
Till it's better than good.

Yes, you take the new things —
The new liquor that's sold.
I'll stick to Four Roses,
A whiskey that's *old*.

★ ★ ★

Four Roses is a proud product
of the old Frankfort Distilleries,
a company that's been making
fine whiskey for four generations.
It's made the only way truly great
whiskey can be made — by the
slow, costly *old-fashioned* method.
Four Roses is a blend of
straight whiskies, and comes
sealed in the patented bootleg-
proof Frankfort Pack that *must*
be destroyed before the bottle
within it can be removed.

We'd like to send you a copy
of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe
Book" — \$100 worth of humor by
a master writer. Send 10¢ in
stamps to Frankfort Distilleries,
Dept. 422, Louisville, Ky.

TO WARD OFF
FATIGUE . . .



• Roscoe Turner flew from London to Australia—11,323 miles—in 93 hours and 7 minutes! When questioned about his smoking, Colonel Turner said:

"A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses 'gas'—and smoking a Camel gives one a 'refill' on energy. The way I notice this especially is that after smoking a Camel I get a new feeling of well-being and vim. Camels never upset my nerves."



PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR. Charles Adams: "Smoking a Camel quickly gives me a sense of renewed vim. I enjoy this 'lift.' Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

ARCHITECT. W. R. Ballard reports as follows: "Whenever I feel listless, a Camel restores my energy. And I also find that my mind is clearer . . . more alert."



MRS. LANGDON POST, young society leader: "When tired, I find that smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift,' and I feel fresher afterwards."

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to Tune In on the All-Star
CAMEL CARAVAN
with
WALTER O'KEEFE
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TED HUSING

TUESDAY { 10:00 P. M. E. S. T. 8:00 P. M. M. S. T.
9:00 P. M. C. S. T. 7:00 P. M. P. S. T.

THURSDAY { 9:00 P. M. E. S. T. 9:30 P. M. M. S. T.
8:00 P. M. C. S. T. 8:30 P. M. P. S. T.

OVER COAST-TO-COAST WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK



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EXPERTS AGREE:**

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



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